

Vol. I No. 15

June 1, 1970

Serving the Baltimore underground community since 1969

THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

harry

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25¢

FESTIVAL RIP-OFF

WAR DECLARED

PLAYBOY DISROBED

CITY COUNCIL YUKS



George Sadtler

LETTERS

Dear HARRY Readers:

An article appeared in the May 15th issue of this paper, which I assumed was an account of the Read Street Festival of May 9th. After reading this two column, seven hundred word filler, it became quite evident that it contained none of the facts of importance. I think that readers of this paper are due the truth by means of facts rather than opinion of the many ways in which the festival was a success.

The reader could not tell by the article that Man Alive, one of the oldest drug rehabilitation programs in the city, received all of the profits to help continue the work that they are doing with hard core drug addicts. As merchants in the downtown area, we are very aware of this problem and feel a need to help. Our help came in the way of raising money and also by bringing the name and method in which this program works into the watchful eye of the public. The total contribution came to \$750. An information booth was set up on the street for the day where one could get the facts and figures about the program, and talk to many of the members of Man Alive about any problems they may be having.

The street was filled full strength with beautiful, peaceful people to do one or all of many things: enjoy the sounds

of ten bands (who, by the way, donated their time for this cause); to eat some of the great foods that were being served; to show support of the Man Alive program; or just to enjoy and get behind the gathering of people for any reason.

At 1:00, Gren Whitman, director of Man Alive, spoke to the crowd. He offered his feelings, shared by most of the crowd, about the march in Washington and explained at great length the reasons for our decision to go on with this festival, even though our brothers and sisters were in D.C. for a most important event. Explaining the importance of the continued existence and necessity of drug programs in this city, it was evident that he won the approval and understanding of the crowd.

A peaceful memorable time was had by all who attended. The day ended with no altercations with the police, a good feeling of togetherness, and a sizable amount of money raised for Man Alive. In the near future you can look forward to another festival which will be just as organized, just as successful, and just as full of good vibrations as the ones in the past.

Mike Bauer, President
West Read Street Merchants
Association

LETTERS continued on page 5



photo by Len Bradford

WHERE WE'RE AT

PARLORPHONE RECORD SHOP
8014 Main St., Ellicott City

THE BARBER SHOP
604 S. Broadway

EVOLUTION
5 Shipping Place, Dundalk

SPEED FACTORY
119 N. Crain Highway, Glen Burnie

MERRY-GO-ROUND
6642 Ritchie Highway, Glen Burnie
13 Allegheny Ave., Towson

GULLIVER'S BOOKS
2514 N. Charles

BLUE SCORPION
8008 Main St., Ellicott City

PAGE 1
Wilde Lake Village Green, Columbia

BUM STEER
224 W. Read St.
502 E. 33rd St.

CAPTAIN KIDD'S
6014 Harford Rd.

PENNYBACK
Reisterstown Rd. Plaza

MULBERRY STREET
OUTPATIENT ANNEX
213 W. Mulberry

NEW ERA BOOK STORE
408 Park Ave.

AQUARIAN AGE
811 N. Charles

INVOLVEMENT
1205 N. Charles St.

MT. VERNON SUPERMARKET
815 N. Charles

MACGILLVRAV'S PHARMACY
900 N. Charles

PARK AVE. PHARMACY
Park & McMecken Sts.

VITAL FUNCTIONS
1328 Reisterstown Rd., Pikesville

AXIS
2406 N. Charles

GREETINGS AND READINGS
Loch Raven & Taylor

MOUNT WASHINGTON
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
1600 Kelly Ave.

PROUD SELF
Falls Rd & Kelly Ave.

SOMETHING ELSE
6055 Falls Road

FACES OF OUT
6055 Falls Rd.

ELECTRIC BANANA
Main Street, Bel Air

GUIDING LIGHT
17 S. Broadway

SHERMAN'S
Park Ave. & Mulberry St.



QUE PASA
211 W. Read St.

CLOTHES HORSE
217 W. Read

MIDDLE EARTH
218 W. Read

BOOK FAIR
3121 St. Paul

FATTY ARBUCLÉ
1300 North Calvert

JOSS
817 N. Howard St.

1ST NATIONAL GRAPE
Harford & Taylor Ave

BEDLAM
519 N. Charles St.

HI-FI RECORD SHOP
409 W. Cold Spring Lane

YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS
850 W. 36th St.

KING BOTTOM, LTD.
526 York Rd., Towson

GRAPEVINE
42 W. Chesapeake Ave., Towson



TIME PEACE BOUTIQUE
5420 Belair Road

People's Action Center	889-0065
Friends Service Committee (Draft Counseling)	366-7200
Planned Parenthood	732-3550
GOD	944-2540
HARRY	243-2150
Black Panther Party	342-8536
Youth Interest Program	366-7188
Dial-A-Fascist	821-7171
ACLU	685-5195
Legal Aid	539-5340
Women's Liberation	366-6475 665-9615
Gls UNITED	235-8310
Fat City	486-9565
Underground Switchboard (Fellowship of Lights)	685-2770



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Just send \$4.00 to HARRY, 233 E. 25th St. Baltimore, Md. 21218, along with name, address, city, state, zip & boxtop, and get great stuff back!

MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN

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sell

HARRY

MAKE 13 CENTS PER COPY
STOP IN AT 233 E. 25th ST.

or call 243-2150

NEXT ISSUE 6-18-70

ALL NATIONS PEACE DAY FESTIVAL FIASCO

ANATOMY OF A RIP-OFF

by MICHAEL CARLINER

The last issue of HARRY included an ad for the "All Nations Peace Day Festival," which was supposed to feature Sly and the Family Stone and Arlo Guthrie. In case you didn't hear, it didn't come off. It wasn't Sly's fault, or Arlo's — they never knew anything about it. Both Sly and Arlo were booked on the west coast that weekend. It was a case of someone advertising acts he had never hired and making off with the bread. The story is one of some intrigue, a little adventure, and great confusion. We present it in hopes that it won't happen again.

S S S S S S S S S S

Philip C. Brown came to see us first in the latter part of April to talk about advertising. He's a big black bourgeois-looking man about 35 or 40. He said he represented the Committee for Better Race Relations, and that the Committee was planning to sponsor a "festival" May 24 at the Glenwood Country Club, featuring Steppenwolf. "Sort of like Woodstock, but just for one day." He appeared to be very naive about rock music and underground media, and he seemed pretty disorganized. He said that the Committee just paid a deposit of \$3000 on Steppenwolf. He kept mentioning that they were required to provide two limousines to pick up the group at the airport, "which we can get from the undertaker." The ticket price was planned as \$10 a person. We suggested that this was too high, and he reduced it to \$6. We suggested that he get some local groups to play too, and took him over to see Art Peyton about this. Peyton suggested that he donate \$1000 to the musicians' coop, and that in return five groups would play. Brown agreed to this, but the next day said that the Committee had voted to instead have conventional contracts for groups individually. He agreed to hire Aux, Crank, and Howdy Doody.

We asked what exactly the Committee was, and Brown said that it was an interracial group which gave awards and grants to people and organization who were helping to improve race relations. It sounded like a nice innocuous, liberal group. He mentioned that they planned to give some awards at the festival, the only prospective recipient of which whose name we remembered was Perrin Mitchell, a faculty member at Morgan State College.

Just before our May 1st issue went to press, Brown called and asked whether we thought Sly and the Family Stone would draw better than Steppenwolf. He told us that the agent had offered to change the booking. We said that we thought Sly would draw at least as well as Steppenwolf and asked what the prices on each were. He said Steppenwolf was \$10,000 against 60% of the gate and Sly was \$7000 against 40% of the gate. We said Sly was a ridiculous bargain. He said to change the ad to say Sly would appear instead of Steppenwolf. We did.

At that point in time, we were quite enthusiastic about the prospect of an alternative to the Civic

Center as a place for rock concerts and were anxious to help out in putting the show together. We also felt gratified about having been able to get the price reduced and about having gotten paying gigs for some of the groups that have played free for so many benefits and free concerts.

S S S S S S S S S S

On May 6th at 10:41 A.M., someone attempted to send a telegram from a pay phone in New York City to "Philip C. Brown, Chairman, Committee for Better Race Relations, 3627 W. Lexington St., Baltimore." It (would have) read as follows: RECEIVED FIRM OFFER FROM YOU AND THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS WESTERN UNION CHECK AS REQUESTED BY ME AS DEPOSIT FOR SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE WITH LITTLE SISTER I HAVE BOOKED THEM FOR THE GLENWOOD COUNTRY CLUB WEST FRIENDSHIP MARYLAND FROM THREE TO NINE PM SUNDAY MAY TWENTY FOURTH NINETEEN SEVENTY THE BALANCE OF THE MONEY TO BE PAID IN FULL THE DAY OF THEIR PERFORMANCE AT GLENWOOD COUNTRY CLUB THANKING YOU IN ADVANCE AL DEMARINO WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY

After the would-be sender put six dollars in coins in the box, the line was disconnected. When Western Union tried to call the pay phone back, there was no answer. The wire was never sent.

Miss Rebecca Kall, Western Union supervisor, called the William Morris Agency and told DeMarino's secretary (since DeMarino was not in) what had happened. The secretary said that Mr. DeMarino would never send a wire like that from a pay phone.

On May 7, DeMarino wired Brown that someone was falsely using his name and that of the William Morris Agency with regard to a contract on Sly.

The telegram also asked that Brown call DeMarino, which he did a few days later.

Of course, no one in Baltimore (except Brown) knew of all this.

S S S S S S S S S S

On May 8th, Brown came over to the HARRY office and showed us some handbills he had gotten printed and some awful multi-colored posters of the sort that advertise low-grade soul music concerts and wrestling matches. We offered to advise him on advertising and promotion, since he seemed to be rather naive, and, as we said, we thought the concert/festival was a good idea. Plus, this was, we thought, for a non-profit organization whose aim was to do good works of some vague sort.

At this time Brown told us that the country club had tried to get more money out of him after they found out that large numbers of people would be there. He said that the Committee's lawyer had been able to convince the country club, however, that the contract was binding; but that the committee had agreed to hire additional security guards and shelve the idea of presenting awards there. He said the Committee had paid \$3000 for the use of the club. He said that this hassle was the reason we hadn't heard from him in a week, but also noted that the Committee had sold 500 tickets at Howard University.

We suggested certain places where he ought to distribute handbills, including the Read Street Festival, the Essex C.C. Festival, the flower mart and the Doors concert. We also offered to get a tape made for a radio spot and to find out about the cost of radio ads.

In the course of the next week we got Greg Kihn to tape a radio spot and checked on ad rates on WLPL-FM and WHMC in Gaithersburg. Brown signed a contract with, and paid, WLPL on Friday, May 15. On Saturday we dropped off the tape that Greg had made.

As we were getting HARRY together for the printer on Sunday, Brown called and said that the agent, Mr. Al DeMarino, had offered him Arlo Guthrie as a second act for an extra \$1000. He noted that most of the ticket sales had been to blacks, and said that the Committee was anxious that the audience be racially balanced. We advised him that, yes, that's a good price for Arlo, and, yes, having Arlo on the bill would help bring in more whites. He said to add Arlo on the ad. On Monday, Brown bought time on WHMC and WHFS-FM in Bethesda. Reportedly, he

told Barry Richards of WHMC that he was paying \$15,000 against 65% for Sly.

By Monday, May 18th, Brown still had not returned the contracts or paid the deposits for Aux, Crank, and Howdy Doody. Mike Schreiber, manager of Crank, became suspicious about this and called Jerry Kellett of the William Morris Agency. Kellett told Schreiber that he didn't think Sly was booked anywhere in the Baltimore-Washington area that weekend. Schreiber told this to Sharon Peyton of the Bluesette, which is acting as agent for Aux, Crank, and Howdy Doody.

Sharon called us to say that the contracts had not been returned or the deposit money paid. She said the someone (I guess she didn't know whether she was supposed to say who) had told her that Sly was not booked in the area. This was the first time that



we'd heard anything that indicated to us that something was wrong (although we should have seen signs before).

We called Brown and told him that Peyton had not gotten his money and that Sly was not booked. He said that he would bring Peyton the money and contract on Tuesday, and that he definitely had a contract on Sly and had paid a deposit.

Later that evening, Schreiber called us from the office of Woodwind, a new arts-oriented underground paper in Washington on whose staff Schreiber works. He told us about his conversation with Kellett. We suggested that there was a communications problem within the William Morris Agency and that perhaps Kellett was in error. We still believed Brown at that point. Schreiber apparently was not completely sure that it was a rip-off at that point, because Woodwind went to press that night with an ad for the Concert, which we had given them at Brown's request.

Tuesday morning Brown stopped in our office and attempted, or appeared to attempt, to call Al DeMarino on our phone. He said that DeMarino was not there and that he would try again later from another phone. Brown again assured us that he had contracts with Sly and Arlo. He then went to the Bluesette to give Sharon Peyton a contract and deposit.

Tuesday afternoon Parlourphone Record Shop in Ellicott City called us to say that they had received two telegrams saying Sly would not appear and that they shouldn't sell tickets. They expressed confusion. So did we.

Wednesday morning we called DeMarino to check things out. He told us that Sly was definitely not under contract and that no negotiations had even taken place, and that Brown knew it. He said that Brown had told him, and he believed (because of the telegrams), that someone had represented himself as Sly's agent and made off with a pile of money.

We then called Sharon Peyton and asked her whether Brown had given her cash or a check. She said he had given her a check, and that she couldn't read the

continued on page 6

Glenwood Country Club

All Nations Peace Day Festival

May 24 1970 - 8 P.M. until

Sponsored by the Committee to Sponsor Better Race Relations

Advance \$6.00

No 398

Admission \$7.00

Weathermen Declare War On U.S.A.

from Liberation News Service

Five months ago, most Weathermen disappeared from the public view. Two months later, three of them were killed in a dynamite explosion in a New York City townhouse. One month after that, twelve Weathermen were indicted on federal charges of riot and conspiracy stemming from the "white riot" in Chicago last fall.

One of the twelve, Linda Evans, was arrested on a New York street in April. Now another Weatherman fugitive has been heard from — Bernadine Dohrn, ex-SDS activist and member of the Weather Bureau, Weatherman's elite leadership group. In a three-page, typed communication that states it is the transcript of a tape by Dohrn (one of the Chicago defendants in hiding), Weatherman gives an indication for the first time in months of where it is at.

The communication is labeled a "Declaration of a State of War." The anonymous note attached to the document explains, "We've mailed copies of several of our friends and several of our enemies." Recipients of the note include, among others, LNS and the New York Times.

While there is no way of ascertaining the genuineness of the communication, it is clearly written in Weatherman's tough-talking style.

The statement makes several revelations: that the third body in the townhouse explosion is that of Terry Robbins, an SDS militant from Kent State in Ohio and a Weatherman leader; that the Chicago twelve are still inside the country and that "within the next fourteen days we will attack a symbol or institution of American injustice."

Following is the complete text of the declaration:

Hello. This is Bernadine Dohrn. I am going to read a DECLARATION OF A STATE OF WAR.

This is the first communication from the Weatherman underground.

All over the world, people fighting American imperialism look to Amerika's youth to use our strategic position behind enemy lines to join forces in the destruction of the empire.

Black people have been fighting al-

most alone for years. We've known that our job is to lead white kids to armed revolution. We never intended to spend the next five or twenty-five years in jail. Ever since SDS became revolutionary, we've been trying to show how it is possible to overcome the frustration and impotence that comes from trying to reform this system. Kids know that the lines are drawn; revolution is touching all of our lives. Tens of thousands have learned that protest and marches don't do it. Revolutionary violence is the only way.

Now we are adapting the classic guerrilla strategy of the Vietcong and the urban guerrilla strategy of the Tupamaros to our own situation here in the most technically advanced country in the world.

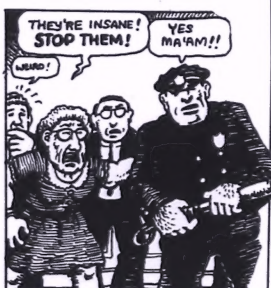
The taught us that "revolutionaries move like fish in the sea." The alienation and contempt that young people have for this country has created the ocean for this revolution.

The hundreds and thousands of young people who demonstrated in the sixties against the war and for civil rights grew to hundreds of thousands in the past few weeks actively fighting Nixon's invasion of Cambodia and the attempted genocide against black people. The invasion of Cambodia and the attempted genocide against black people. The insanity of American "justice" has added to its list of atrocities six blacks killed in Augusta, two in Jackson and four white Kent State students making thousands more into revolutionaries.

The parents of "privileged" kids have been saying for years that the revolution was a game for us. But the war and racism of this society show that it is too fucked up. We will never live peaceably under this system.

This was totally true of those who died in the New York townhouse explosion. The third person who was killed there was Terry Robbins, who led the first rebellion at Kent State less than two years ago.

The twelve Weathermen who were indicted for leading last October's riots in Chicago have never left the country. Terry is dead, Linda was captured by a pig informer, but the rest of us move freely in and out of every city and youth



scene in this country. We're not in hiding, but we're invisible.

There are several hundred members of the Weatherman underground and some of us face more years in jail than the 50,000 deserters and draft dodgers now in Canada. Already many of them are coming back to join us in the underground or to return to the man's army and tear it up from the inside along with those who never left.

We fight in many ways. Dope is one of our weapons. The laws against marijuana mean that millions of us are outlaws long before we actually split. Guns and grass are united in the youth underground.

Freaks are revolutionaries and revolutionaries are freaks. If you want to find us, this is where we are. In every tribe, commune, farmhouse, barracks, dormitory and townhouse where kids are making love, smoking dope and loading guns — fugitives from American justice are free to go.

For Diana Oughton, Ted Gold and Terry Robbins, and for all the revolutionaries who are still on the move here, there has been no question for a long time now — we will never go back.

Within the next fourteen days we will attack a symbol or institution of American injustice. This is the way we celebrate the example of Eldridge Cleaver and H. Rap Brown and all black revolutionaries who first inspired us by their fight behind enemy lines for the liberation of their people.

Never again will they fight alone.

May 21, 1970

EAT PIE

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)—When the young man dressed in black clerical garb reached the door outside a recent hearing of the United States Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, the guard asked him what he was carrying in the box labelled "Shopcraft 7-inch Saw."

"Newspapers," he answered. The cop reached in, stirred around a bit, noted that the contents did indeed seem to be newspapers and pulled his hand out. His hand also had a lot of gooey white cream on it, but the cop blushed and giggled as if to apologize for having gotten his hand all covered with goo by sticking it in a box which contained nothing but newspapers.

"Go right in," said the guard. And with that, Tom Forcade, kingly of the Underground Press Syndicate, a loose fraternal organization of America's underground papers, began a face-to-face meeting with Nixon's smut probes that ended only when a Boston cream pie flew from the hands of Forcade into the face of the Commission's own Otto Larsen, one foot away.



Forcade's presentation began with the reading of a 1000-word statement protesting the existence of "this unconstitutional, illegitimate, unlawful, prehistoric, obscene, absurd Keystone Committee." Citing the names of 51 underground newspapers busted in the last three years, Forcade charged that what was really happening was "political repression in a thin but transparent guise."

As he read the list of victimized newspapers, a tape of Bob Dylan's "Mr. Jones" howled in the background.

"What is happening?" Otto Larsen asked himself. Otto has trouble understanding because he is a sociology professor at the University of Washington in Seattle. A very clean old man.

Otto wanted to know why Forcade had bad-mouthed the commission.

Forcade said he would show him why, and advanced on the commissioners, carrying a box. He pulled out some papers marked "Pie Power," distributed them, and then smashed the pie in Otto's face.

Otto grinned. Maybe for a minute or so phrases like "recommend legislative, administrative or other advisable and appropriate action" didn't make too much sense to Otto either. Forcade took advantage of the minute and split while the police tried hard to look aghast.

Meanwhile, somewhere else in America, someone turned over the record that Forcade had played in the hearing room, and Dylan was singing:

Here comes the blind commissioner—
They've got him in a trance.
One hand is tied to the tightrope
walker

And the other is inside his pants.
Didn't say anything about a pie.



SDS sixth column advances on police lines at Chicago's Lincoln Park. The activists' superior firepower was reportedly financed by profits reaped by underground newspapers from record ads.

Jane Fonda visits Baltimore

Free The Fort Meade 13,000

by P. J. O'Rourke

Friday the 22nd, Jane Fonda came with her friends to rap to about twenty GI's at GI's United, 315 E. 25th St. She didn't talk to them; she wanted them to talk to her. There was no patronizing USO horseshit. She was there as a worker in the revolution and she behaved as a worker in the revolution—getting information from her people and asking what she could do and when she could do it and where.

To quote from her article in the *L. A. Free Press*, "How I Invaded Two U.S. Forts Simultaneously (if you believe the establishment press) With 86 Braves On Horseback": "...I met Fred Gardner author of 'The Unlawful Concert,' an account of the Presidio Mutiny case, and founder of the first GI coffee house in Columbia, South Carolina, outside Ft. Jackson. (See HARRY, issue No. 13, 'UFO Shot Down') ...he asked me if I would be interested in visiting some GI coffee houses...At the time I knew next to nothing about the GI movement. The idea of GI's organizing for peace seemed strangely incongruous. However, over the next few weeks, meeting some of the organizers of the movement, visiting a coffee house near Fort Ord in Monterey, Calif., and reading some of the GI underground newspapers, I began to realize the importance of the movement... It has been pointed out to me that an entire university can march for peace and, while this type of protest is extremely important, it can't do much to bring war to an end. Whereas, if a large enough percentage of the soldiers (it was suggested that a mere ten percent would suffice) refused to go, the war would be over..."

Fonda is travelling with Mark Lane (*Rush to Judgement*) who's making a documentary film about draft age Americans' reaction to the military, and a French journalist named Elizabeth who'd been in the resistance during World War II. They and a number of others arrived at GI's United after being expelled from Ft. Meade for leafletting, which isn't what they were doing. They were attempting to get signatures for a petition to Congress denouncing the war. Fonda was indignant: "Petitioning to Congress (soliciting signatures) is perfectly legal. An MP arresting someone for this is committing a federal crime. Yet they busted us for it. We asked them what we had done that was illegal. They said they didn't know. They pushed us around too. We all have bruises." I asked her if they were going to press charges. She said, "Yes, of course. We have the names of all the officers in charge and we are going to press charges."

She and her people are now working on opening an office in Washington whose sole function will be to receive complaints from GI's. She wants something that will "take care of all the legal shit". Most of the activism which soldiers are harassed for is completely legal, if they only knew that. We want them to know there's someone behind them, someone that will stick up for them and cut through all the red tape. These men are scared and alone. We've got to convince them not to be scared and show that they aren't alone. Tell me, "she asked the GI's, "how that can best be done." The people gathered at GI's United suggested off-base beach parties, bonfires, and other ideas. "If it would be any help for me to come or if there's anything I can do, tell me," she said.

Two films were shown. The first concerned the dehumanizing process of basic training and military discipline. The second was a documentary on the Vietnamese people. Fonda and Elizabeth

were moved. Jane translated Elizabeth's French, and told the audience that



Elizabeth was sickened at France doing what it did in Indo-China after having fought the Germans for so long at home. Elizabeth then related how the French pull-out had been a result not only of Dien Bien Phu but also of massive protests at home and within the French Army. This is a hopeful note.

Mostly Jane Fonda listened and asked questions but after the films she spoke a little: "Given our own origins as a revolutionary country, it's incredible that we should be doing what we are. We should be helping the Vietnamese win that war instead of destroying them. And now look what we have done to Cambodia. Prince Sihanouk kept his country out of war for nine years. He is greatly beloved by his people. Once a week all the members of his government had to go work in the fields. If they were too old to work in the fields then they were considered too old to be in the gov't. And once every year people, all the people who wanted to come, gathered in a huge amphitheater with the whole government and public accusations of officials were made. Those officials had to defend themselves on the spot. If they couldn't, they were out. This is what we destroyed. It goes to show that any nation can be neutral as long as they are neutral on our side."

Jane Fonda is now touring bases and coffee houses across the country, building support for the GI Movement. And she's working on getting Senators and Representatives interested. She's using what she has to do what she can—she's not proud and knows her name and connections can help. She's our answer to Bob Hope, and she's not kidding.

REAL ROCK WRECKED

Everyone had been wondering what would happen to WXTG's Real Rock since Barry Lee had left. On March 26th, at 10 pm, Jeffrey Blum, son of the station's owner, played "Yummy, Yummy, Yummy, I Got Love In My Tummy" Right Off, XTC!

—Editor, SHADE USA NEWS

UP AGAINST THE WALL SINOLOGISTS

Noted UC Chinese Linguistics professor E. B. Sou-Tze announced this week what is termed a significant breakthrough in translating contemporary Chinese.

Speaking before a convocation of Chinese linguistic scholars, Sou-Tze expressed his belief that the Chinese expression which has previously been inaccurately translated as "running dogs" should more properly be translated as "motherfuckers."

He cited the reference in Mao's speech this week to "the U.S. aggressors and their motherfuckers" as evidence of his contention.

LETTERS

continued from page 2

Poor, Dear HARRY,

You've been taken — and by one of your own! The Read St. Festival story must have been written from the press release and the alleged reporter didn't bother to attend. Even the accompanying photo could have been taken anytime, anywhere.

For the record, we were there with thousands of others and feel HARRY's readers deserve some of the facts.

It was a great Festival, a peaceful Festival (no cops, no nudies — maybe that's why the "reporter" didn't bother) and most important of all, it was a benefit for the Man Alive program. Your "reporter" never followed through the story to find a sizable donation was made to Man Alive.

The Festival was very concerned with the Washington gathering, Gren Whitman, director of Man Alive, spoke movingly of our reasons to go on with the Festival even tho' many of us wished to be in Washington.

The food, the fun, the music, the people — all were peaceful and beautiful — a perfect kickoff to Baltimore's Festival season.

Just wanted the "reporter" to know he missed a good thing. It's a shame he got hung up somewhere and didn't attend.

Lil Alberts
The Clothes Horse



Reporter Mitch Hellman on the scene at Read Street Festival

To the Editor:

Dear Mr. Carliner:

The usually fine, fair, and accurate reporting in HARRY was marred in the last issue by statements concerning my arrest — statements made by someone named Leonard Bradford (whoever he is). I think someone should look into his credentials. I suggest that you do this in private with the aid of a male nurse. As a matter of fact, I plan to take this matter before the grievance committee of the Free University Community Knowledge Society.

The sentence devoted to my arrest reads as follows: "One HARRY reporter, Tom D'Antoni, was arrested on the steps of his apartment when he yelled at three policemen who were clubbing a young man."

Well, Mr. Carliner, what really happened is somewhat drastically different.

On the day in question I was sitting in my apartment writing an article for your newspaper when someone in front of the apartment (which faces Charles St.) yelled, "Holy Shit! Look at this. The cops are lining up on Madison St.!!"

With no concern for our own safety, I and photographer Will White grabbed our implements of communication (his a camera and mine a tape recorder) and immediately rushed into the battlefield (Charles St.) undaunted. Nary a daunt in us, Mr. Carliner!

When I arrived on the scene, Majors Schnabel and Miller were beginning to lead their troops north on a sweep of Charles St. This was accomplished by a line of foot patrolmen in full riot regalia and a number of mounted cavalry troops.

When they started moving it was at a slow pace. I walked along beside them. Major Schnabel saw me. When they started to charge the people on the street and on the sidewalks (the mounted patrol doing much of the sidewalk work), I ran across a few newfound daunts and retreated to the (supposed) sanctuary of the canopy of my apartment building.

I continued to feed information into the tape recorder until four cops approached me and said, "Awright, move on, move on!"

"But I live here. This is my building!"

"I don't give a damn. I said move on!!"

At this point I was in the doorway, having retreated even further. The doorway of my building.

They grabbed me, and, after a heroic march down Charles to the wagon, they took a picture of me with my arresting officer.

I was in the lockup at Southeastern for about five hours. Nothing much happened except for when the 60 year old turnkey threatened to knock my teeth in because I had told him to go fuck himself.

HARRY's money bailed me out, as you know, Mr. Carliner.

Next day at the trial, I was ready for my day in court, my rendezvous with jurisprudence. Naturally, I got good and stoned.

When my trial got underway, the cop that said he was my arresting officer in court was not my arresting officer at all. My lawyer asked him where the picture of my arrest was. Said it hadn't been developed yet. Major Schnabel got up and tried to discredit Will as a witness because Will had shouted things at him like, "Your wife does it with all the boys at the station house. And so does your daughter. And so does your dog."

I was convicted of disorderly conduct and fined \$25 and \$10 costs, which I paid out of my own funds, Mr. Carliner.

As they were leading me off to the lockup, Will (who looks just like an R. Crumb character) turned to Schnabel and said, "Schnabel, you're the worst kind of pig, and you better pray to God I don't catch you out of uniform, cause I'll rip you up!" Will got thrown out of the courtroom for that one.

The Sunpapers said I was thrown out of the courtroom. Nope. I was in the slams at the time. You just have to expect sloppy journalism from Sun reporters — especially the one that wrote that story, Michael Burns.

Well, Mr. Carliner, that is the story. As you can see, the inaccuracies were gross and overwhelming. In the future, try to instruct your reporters in the proper techniques of gathering information.

Yours very truly,

Thomas V. D'Antoni
reporter
circulation manager
bon vivant
egomaniac

P.S. Please cancel my subscription

ED.—Requests for cancellation must be accompanied by Form 359a—series II, and a letter from your mother.

**SELL HARRY!
.. BEATS PEDDLIN'
YOUR ASS!**



Crazy For The Blue White Red (and yellow fringe)

by Carl Christopher Coleman

Beware! Your peace decals can get you busted. In the state of Maryland you can be fined \$1,000 or given a jail sentence for displaying the peace symbol over anything resembling the American flag.

On May 26, 1970, I was arrested by a Baltimore City Policeman and charged with "desecration of the American flag" for displaying three decals on my car windows depicting the peace symbol over a replica of the American flag.

At about 7:40 am on Tuesday, May 26, I was traveling west on Franklin Street. A patrol car pulled close to the rear of my car and the driver checked me out. As I was turning left onto Fulton Street the officer pulled around me and checked out my front window. I didn't know what was going on when a moment later he put on his flasher and told me to pull over at my first opportunity. I turned onto West Saratoga Street and parked; the officer parked behind me. After leaving our cars, the officer asked me if I was wondering why I was stopped and I said yes. He told me for "desecration of the American flag." I expressed some surprise and he told me to get into the back of his car and gave me a copy of the law to read. A page and a half of law said, in effect, that it's illegal to "place any symbol or writing over the flag" and that this act or the "displaying of that defaced flag" is punishable by a \$1000 fine and/or a jail sentence.

What followed was about a fifteen minute discussion concerning the charge during which Officer Mike Cope, Car 745, displayed his in-depth understanding of local and national events by saying things like, "This is the Western District (a mostly Black area), people around here don't care about peace; all they care about is 'Black Power!'" and, "You and I are on opposite sides." He said he wanted a "test case." What was happening became clear to me when Officer Cope referred to the upside-down flag decal on my front windshield (recognizing an international distress signal which indicates my feelings about the State of the Union and which a Federal District Court deemed legal), saying he would let me go if I removed it. The event took on a political air then and I chose not to remove it. I was told I would be jailed and my car towed to Pulaski Highway which would cost me \$27, win or lose. I persuaded the officer to leave my car where it was and a paddy wagon was called.

I'd been completely passive throughout but when the wagon arrived its driver took me by the belt and shoved me into the van. During the trip to Western District Police Station the driver told his partner, "all these bastards should be sent overseas." He slammed on his brakes at every intersection, making it difficult to remain seated on the linoleum bench inside. While I was being searched and booked at Western, another officer sang "God Bless America" for my entertainment. I was fingerprinted, photographed, allowed my one phone call and placed in a 6 x 7 x 8 ft. steel-walled cell, all by 8:30 am. Although Officer Cope told me I'd go to court at 9 am, trial was set for 3 pm.

I left instructions for my father to call P.A.C. He arrived at 11 am and told me bail was set at \$500, that if it were paid we would forfeit \$35 for three hours freedom, that we had a woman judge who had it in for people like me, and because of this I should move for postponement. I was placed in a very small room with no door knob in order to speak to my father and was left there for some minutes after he'd gone. During which time I banged on the door and the turnkey banged back several times before letting me out. On the way back to my cell another officer screamed, "A' hippie, a hippie, I never saw a real hippie before!" Lunch was served at noon.

I want to mention here that I was the only white prisoner, to my knowledge, in the jail and comparatively speaking I was treated quite well. Let me describe the black man two cells away: He told me he was a heroin addict, and because he was crying, complaining of being very cold, and, by the time I left, was completely naked, screaming, and repeatedly banging his head on the steel walls, I assumed he was in withdrawal. I told the turnkey that this man needed medical attention and the turnkey refused. Later, he refused several other prisoners the convenience of toilet paper.

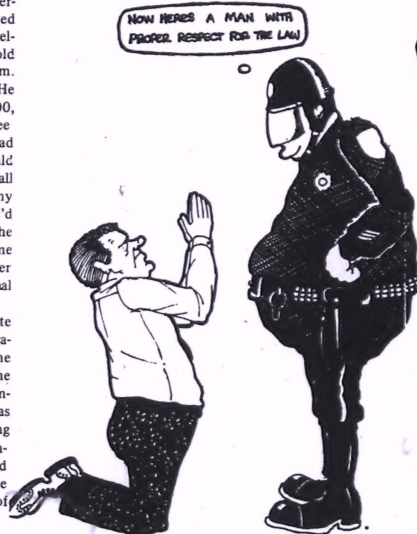


Court went into session at 3 pm and I was second to be called. Officer Cope was there with the evidence photos of my car's windows. Although I was expecting to move for postponement, I never got a chance to say a word. After the judge read the charge, an Assistant State's Attorney stepped in and told her that the state chose not to prosecute and moved for a dismissal. After about fifteen or twenty minutes of argument about procedure, the judge dismissed the case, saying to the Assistant State's Attorney, "I will dismiss this case simply to accommodate you."

I was taken back to the jail to be given my valuables and released. I had to walk through a hallway filled with uniformed police, a few defendants, and three men in civilian clothing, where I was shoved twice, tripped and had a few comments thrown at me.

After being released I was told by Officer Cope that somehow Charles Moylan, State's Attorney General for the city of Baltimore, and Francis Burch, the Attorney General of Maryland, had found out about my arrest and had decided not to prosecute for fear of publicity in the press. They also feared demonstrations over Memorial Day weekend because hundreds who are displaying similar decals would have to be arrested if they got a conviction. I can't verify the information about Moylan Burch except to say that my father was told the same story by the Assistant State's Attorney.

If you're wondering about the political significance of my arrest, take a look around you. The same day I was arrested, I saw a car with an ad for A.D. Anderson Chevrolet on the back. The entire background of the ad was a replica of the American flag. Apparently only the peace symbol on the flag is illegal.



ANATOMY OF A RIP-OFF

continued from page 3

signature on it. We told her to try and cash it.

Wednesday night Brown called me (for the first time since Tuesday morning). He said he had been duped and that he had no choice but to make it a free concert with the local groups and return the ticket money.

On Thursday we spoke to WHMC and found that Brown had wired them to the effect that the concert would go on as planned, but that Sly and Arlo would be replaced by "other big name acts." We then called the country club and were told that the concert was cancelled and that the police were being asked to keep everyone away. We called most of the stores listed as ticket outlets and told them the story and that they shouldn't turn any money over to Brown, but should return it to their customers. None of the stores we spoke to had given Brown any money.

That afternoon, Sharon Peyton told us that the check was no good.

During the next two days, the country club, the police, the William Morris Agency, and HARRY tried to spread the word that the concert was off. Most of the radio stations which had broadcast commercials for the concert now broadcast free public service announcements that it was cancelled. Due to the confusion about it all, Sly probably got some of the blame for the cancellation, a bit of bad publicity he can ill afford in this area.

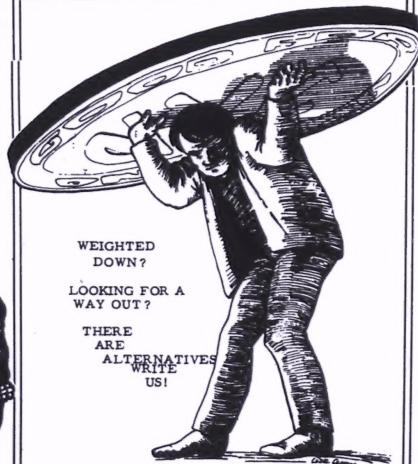
Despite the efforts to notify people of the cancellation, about three thousand people tried to go to the country club on Sunday, according to Milton B. Allen, attorney for the club. They were turned away.

No action has been taken so far against Brown. It is not clear how many people were ripped off for tickets. Unquestionably, the fact that Schreiberman called the William Morris Agency, setting off the warnings, kept the number down considerably. Brown may even have lost money.

We tried to find out whether there really is a Committee for Better Race Relations. We called Perrin Mitchell, since Brown had mentioned him, and asked if he knew anything. Mr. Mitchell said that he remembers a group by that name, and fitting Browns description, which held an "affair" last year which he attended. But he didn't know the name of anyone connected with it.

As for the mysterious telegram, it is impossible to know who sent it, but there is something that arouses a suspicion. DeMarino told us that when Brown called him, he said he was calling from Baltimore, but from the sound of the call on the phone, DeMarino was sure that he was calling from somewhere in New York. There is no evidence that Brown ever wired anybody any money.

HARRY is very disturbed about having unwittingly served as an accomplice in this fiasco. In the future we intend to make greater efforts to see that advertising is legitimate, but we still won't be able to be sure, so *Caveat Emptor: BEWARE OF THE CULTURE VULTURES!*



WEIGHTED
DOWN?
LOOKING FOR A
WAY OUT?

THERE
ARE
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Directories: Communes-\$1.; Free Schools-\$1.;
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Sample \$1.00 / Free newsletter, write:

Alternatives Foundation
Dept. 135
1526 Gravenstein Hwy., North
Sebastopol, California 95472



"I told you once and I told you twice/But you never listen to my advice/Well..."

This may be the last time

Maybe the last time/I don't know..." (The Rolling Stones)

by P. J. O'ROURKE

KO, Revolution, I Ching hexagram 49. The text: Not before the day of its completion will men have faith in it—sublime success! Determination in a righteous course brings reward; regret vanishes!

A unique aspect of the white revolutionary in America is that he's been where he's going.

In 1966 and '67 he discovered one method of discarding preconceptions. He discovered a spirituality which America has always denied, which western mechanization has been in the process of denying for almost 200 years. We are the Baby Boom Revolutionaries, scions of a post-mechanical world, the first mass of beings in the modern west whose conceptualizations are organic, electronic, and oriented to the whole. Most adults didn't realize that the children of the fifties were growing up in a radically different environment. But there were those who did and those who foresaw it. The advent of consciousness expanding drugs came at a time when we were first old enough to absorb the thought of Joyce, McLuhan, Watts, Kesey, Lenny Bruce, Huxley, and others who were willing (*de facto* or *de jure*) to lead us in realizing our potential.

Electric circuitry...It's message is Total Change, ending psychic, social, economic, and political parochialism.

— Marshal McLuhan

This potential resulted, ironically, from America's extreme post-war prosperity. This wealth allowed for the luxury of mass education and for such basic alterations in cultural structure as a nearly universal central nervous system plug-in with the world via TV—total immersion, right at home, in events distant in space or even time. The education taught us critical principles (dialectical principles) which we then (much to the woe of our educators) applied to the world, to the world we are so thoroughly "connected" with. We can't remember before airplanes, super highways, dial phones, color movies, television, high-fidelity records, tape recorders, portable radios, wire-photos, tele-types, atomic threats, computers, and

other world-shrink, all-concept devices and ideas. We think in terms of the whole, and such "total" drugs as LSD have furthered our ability to contain, intertheorize, and transcend.

drinking
a bowl of green tea
I stopped the war

— Paul Reys

And in 1966 and 1967 and on into the present we said and we say, "love." Because love is the conclusion that must be drawn when the world can be subjectively viewed as a whole and, now, so easily destroyed. We said it, and we still say it. At Woodstock in 1969 we did something in the way of proving it. This is where we've been.

But we've learned some other things, disgusting things. Things about how the mechanical concepts operate. When we so easily and out of hand rejected these values we had no idea how deeply they were rooted. Mechanical Man misunderstands the nature of the material world so badly that he's in a constant state of insecurity and fear. He misunderstands being to such an extent that he cannot happily exist without extending his ego into all kinds of material trash. Indeed, he cannot exist happily at all. His weak spirit needs constant reinforcement—reinforcement got by vamping on others. Mechanical Man is only too often greedy, vicious, narrow, and filled with hatred. He didn't mean to be. But the continual warring of individualism fostered in the mechanical world created a system in which most men find life defeating, frustrating, and humiliating. Even those who "win" do so at a monstrous price. No one is safe. Everything is up for grabs. Every man has his price.

There's a shit-storm coming.

— Norman Mailer

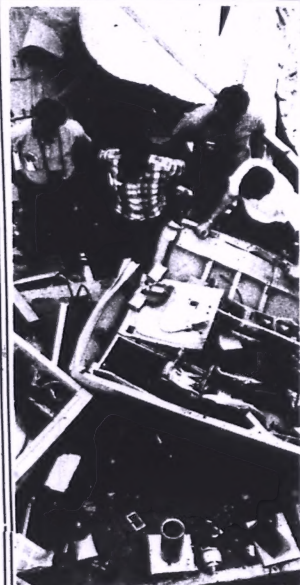
Now we find that we too must deal with the wind-up war lords. We've found the fractionalized world of individualism so entrenched that we've layed aside our beads and taken up our guns. I know this isn't good. I'm not even sure it's right. But I suspect that it's inevitable. If we had behaved, we might have existed as good niggers in this country. We might have eventually spread some diluted form of our ideas. In the very long run we would have won. But there

is no long run. The mechanical world is dying alright, and it wants to take us with it. As we love and evolve, the wind-up world pollutes the planet, crushes its more militant opponents, and threatens to end the whole thing with its atomic death machine. Those oppressed by the Machine of the West are our closest brothers. Very many of them have attained, by different means, the consciousness that we have—the consciousness of love. They are we. When we realized this, when we began to manifest our organic disgust in the streets, the mechanical world was confirmed in what it had always suspected; we are the enemy. We only wanted to turn everyone on, to plug everyone in. But the machine doesn't want to be superceded by the circuit. It would rather destroy the world.

...the divorce of thought from action, of theory from practice, is itself a part of the un-free world.

— Herbert Marcuse

We are trying to stop this. And the only way we can stop it is from the inside, as revolutionaries, as insurgents. But in so doing we must be very careful not to become what we intend to destroy. The object of our attempt to crush the machine must always be to crush all such machines, on the left or on the right. In 1967 we had a beautiful dream; we shouldn't chicken-out on it. We should do what we have to do but only with the greatest reluctance and sorrow. Knowing that we spoke but they wouldn't hear. We gave but they would not accept our gift.



Houston, Texas [LNS] — It was eleven at night on Tuesday, May 11, and Houston's Pacifica radio station, KPFT-FM, was broadcasting Arlo Guthrie's "Alice's Restaurant Massacre." Just at the climax of the monologue, when Arlo was squealing "Kill! Kill!" the station's transmitter blew up.

But it wasn't Arlo's voice that blew KPFT off the air. It was an explosive, probably dynamite, that had been planted by right-wingers who have been harassing the station and its personnel for over a year now.

The explosion totally demolished the station's transmitter. It would have also demolished the engineer who was supposed to be checking the transmitter at eleven o'clock, but he arrived fifteen minutes late.

The bombing has turned into a boon for KPFT, a usually impoverished, listener-supported radio station. Two local construction firms donated their services to rebuild the transmitter and the station has received an anonymous \$25,000 grant to build an additional stereo studio.

THE INVOLUEMENT



1205 N CHARLES STREET — 857-8497

Gay Lib...



by DON JACKSON

When a people are no longer ashamed, then shall they be free — Nietzsche

I am a homosexual. I proclaim it to the world because I can't live a lie any more. Never again will I hide or try to pass as a straight.

Once I was ashamed of the way of love God made me feel, but now I am proud; proud of myself; proud of my brothers and their courage in the struggle

for freedom; proud of our ancient culture now coming into its renaissance; proud of our distinctive life style; proud of the new comradeship and love we have found.

Once I was afraid. Afraid of brutalization or arrest by blackmailing cops, afraid of assault, condemnation and persecution by straights, afraid of being fired, expelled or murdered. I am not afraid any more. Gay Liberation has changed my fear into a burning anger at the persecutions and injustices inflicted on my people.

Once I was silent because of shame and fear. My anger will not permit me to be silent any more. I will protest to everyone that will listen as long as my people are oppressed.

Find out why Gays are so angry. Be a homosexual for a week. Tell your family, your friends and your wife that you are Gay — see how quickly they disassociate themselves from you. Tell your boss that you are Gay — get fired on the spot. Tell your teacher you are Gay — get expelled. Tell your friendly cop you are Gay — get beat up and arrested on some trumped up charge. Tell your minister you are Gay — and hear him condemn you to hell.

The Gay experience is one of total condemnation by family, friends, church and government. But the worst part of the Gay experience is the heartbreaking pain of witnessing the suffering of others. Nothing is more painful than seeing the brutalization and persecution of a kindly, beautiful and beloved friend you grew up with.

The Gay Liberation movement is only a year old. It is an outgrowth of the hippie movement, based on peace and love. It is revolutionary — not a political revolution with guns and violence, but a social and cultural revolution aimed at the hearts and souls of Gay people.

Long obscured by silence, shame and fear, the Gay minority is in the midst of a great emotional upheaval.

By emotional transference, shame has been changed into pride and fear into anger. Liberated Gays consider themselves a people with their own mores, history, culture, art forms, literary styles and customs. In keeping with the emotional revolution, Gay Lib's mottoes are "Gay is good" and "We are not afraid anymore."

With the determination of Gays for social justice confronting the hostilities and abhorrence of straights for homosexuality, violence would seem likely — perpetuated by straights who are angry because Gays have come out of the closets and will not hide anymore. The new homosexual will fight back if attacked — as anyone would.

The hippie movement seems to have been a passing fad among heterosexuals, but among homosexuals it has taken deep roots. The hippie culture was peculiarly adaptable to the Gay lifestyle and culture. Gay Lib encourages its converts to drop out of the establishment — it is wrong to work and spend money which will continue the existence of a system which oppresses yourself and your brothers. But a new twist has been added — instead of just dropping out to become nothing, the Gay dropout finds purpose by devoting his full time to the liberation of his brothers. Straight dropouts tend to return to the establishment in time because they feel a lack of purpose.

Gay Lib encourages Gays to move into communes so that they can afford to live without working. Communes of heterosexuals often fail because people tend to pair off in plastic imitations of the family institutions. Gay communes are generally more successful. The commune is a very suitable way of life for Gays. The family is not a value of the Gay people, so dissension over pairing off does not develop. Loneliness is a main problem of Gays. This is solved by the commune. The Gay can find the comradeship of his brothers is a very satisfactory answer to the need which straights find in the family institution.

Although violence has occurred in the movement — the ten days of rioting last summer in New York being the most notable incident — violence is not the way of Gays. They will fight if cornered (as they did when they were assaulted by the San Francisco riot police on the infamous day of the Purple Raid). They prefer to fight their battles with the wit and cunning for which they are so famous.

Fellowship

Of Lights is on

OVERVIEW: The Fellowship of Lights' avowed purpose is to bring the Baltimore freak community together with itself and with the rest of Baltimore.

They say: "The Fellowship is a place. Whatever happens in that place is the Fellowship...Nobody limits the Fellowship so that it becomes exclusive. Some people are setting up a switchboard...others are putting together an art-media workshop; some are into group happenings. Some people are turning on the establishment to freedom and still others are doing people things that nobody understands. The Fellowship is professional counselling, it is open minds, it is Care in a living community that has trouble giving a damn. It is a center for the development of personal awareness, through art and rapping and doing together...The Fellowship turns no one away."

WHEN: Emergency housing for runaways and others goes into effect June 8th. The switchboard is operative as of this printing.

WHERE: 1026 Cathedral Street. Phone: (301) 685-2770 for switchboard.

WHAT: 685-2770 is an *Underground Hot Line* for drug problems, freak-outs, legal aid, jobs, bread, vocational rehabilitation, spiritual help, suicide prevention, emergency housing, runaway aid, sex hangups, and all other fuck-ups. They say, if they can't help you, they'll tell you who can. The switchboard is also to have referral connections to other Baltimore freak nerve-centers.

1026 Cathedral will be a runaway house and liberated territory. They want you to come there and do what you have in mind.

WHO: As of now there are three permanent live-in people at the Fellowship. Lou Foxwell, 29-year-old Virgo, is executive director. He's a Unitarian Minister and a sort of free-lance co-ordinator of communes and groups. Danny Reaser, from the Baltimore street scene, is assistant director. They're aided by Lucky Sweeney, who's everything else. The Fellowship of Lights is mainly financed by the straight community (church groups), it's run "by the people who get into it."

EVENTS: Sat., June 7th, at 3:00pm there will be an Open House at 1026 Cathedral. Everyone is invited and there are to be lots of establishment freaks there too. After the Open House there's a meeting of all switchboard volunteers. Switchboard volunteers, past, present, and future, are asked to come to the

Open House and to the meeting afterwards, to work out schedules, etc.

NEEDS: Volunteers for the switchboard. Volunteers to help with fixing the building. The building is to be a work of art. You're asked just to stop on by. Also, paint thinner, fountain pens, posters, pictures, clothes and stuff are needed, along with various other underground items. Most of all they request good vibrations on their behalf.



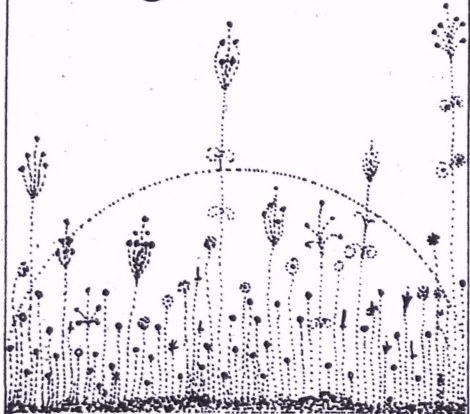
685

2770



switchboard

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HOUSE

WAR

BY STEPHEN HOWARD, M.D.

may be hazardous to your health

Written between a rally and another strike meeting...I know. Every goddam body with a pen or a typewriter is knocking out his own bit on the war. The goddam muthafuckin' Nixon-Mad-nexx Indochina war and Second American Revolution, and I'm supposed to write a medical column?

Well look...I'm a doctor and I'm concerned about people's health. War isn't very good for your health. I've been there—Vietnam, not Cambodia—and the air is polluted. High lead concentration, very unpleasant. Same phenomenon reported recently around Kent, Ohio.

Several serious cases. Death is serious. Of course it had to happen, Mr. Tyrannus Nix. Kent State and Harvard Square and all the rest of it. Of course it had to happen, Mom and Dad and Buddy and Sis of Middle America. When the demands of the people cannot be heard any other way, they will take to violence. When peaceful revolution becomes impossible, the people will finally take up the torch and the gun. Don't believe ME. Ask Thomas Jefferson. Revolution is as American as corn.

We knew Kent State would happen. It became predictable on November 15, 1969, when a quarter of a million people gathered outside the White House window, and the President watched football on television and pretended they didn't exist. That's a quarter of a million people who weren't heard. And the others for whom they speak, the other millions who don't want to keep fighting a futile, immoral, imperialist, and genocidal war. They want to be heard also. If you won't listen to their voices, then sooner or later you will hear their guns.

All right, I'm serving notice now, this minute. I'm good and pissed off. I don't like violence, I don't like people getting shot, I consider murder to be in the worst taste. And it has to stop.

I mean it, Mr. Nixon. I don't care who stops it or who takes credit for it. It doesn't have to be us. If you stop it, as you promised when you were elected, that will be fine too. Then you can keep getting the votes of your not-so-silent non-majority. They will keep you in Power, whatever you want it for, and you can continue to preen for TV, admire your greasy smoothness, and wipe your ass in your very own golden bathroom in the White House. Enjoy it. But stop the war. Stop the war in Indochina and in America, stop the war against Asians, stop the war against the blacks and the poor and the youth and everyone else that you and your people don't like or find inconvenient.

We are not out of control yet. Some of us will still try politics and public opinion and social pressure, peaceful revolution. For a little while. You have a little time left. Maybe not much.

Stop the war, Richard Nixon. If you don't, we will. And it may destroy our country and kill us all.

Peace. In the name of the people of Vietnam and Cambodia and America; in the name of God; Peace.

(Send your questions to HOUSE CALL, HARRY, 233 East 25th Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21218. Names and addresses will not be printed, but should be included, so that questions not used in the paper may be answered personally.)



Council Cutups

by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

It was only a few short weeks ago that City Councilman James J. Duffy passed on to that great civil service test in the clouds. The Council was deprived of his white hair and red neck after twenty years of service — well, elected membership — in that body. If there was a way to fix that great civil service test in the clouds, Duffy would find a way to do it.

(Vice President of the Council), whom Schaeffer had appointed as chairman of the committee, approached Schaeffer and proudly stated (in his Northwest Baltimore Eastern European Israeli accent), "Mr. President, we have examined the credentials of Mrs. Duffy, and we find that she is fully qualified to serve on the council."

They voted on the nomination and



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Left with a vacancy in the Council, the men who run the 1st District (sometimes known as the Fighting First), rather than engage in a factional fight a short year before the next election, decided to choose a mutually agreeable representative from their district. That's democratic, isn't it?

Note: The Fighting First encompasses Southeast Baltimore, including Highlandtown, Canton, Fells Point, and one third of a very neatly gerrymandered black ghetto. It also includes smelters, truck drivers, steelworkers, bartenders, greasers, and (would you believe it) a group of underground, acid-dropping, long-haired, Commie urban guerillas!!

Well, none of these people had anything to do with choosing the replacement for Duffy.

You'll never guess who they picked. They picked Duffy's old lady — Kathryn O'Dea Duffy — to succeed him. See, I told you.

One week after Duffy's death, at its regular Monday session, the Council recessed for one day in memory of its fallen member. Like all good monsters (remember "The Thing?") it was able to regenerate itself a new member at its very next session.

Next day, with the black bunting removed from Duffy's desk, the council met in its regular session. The two councilmen from the 1st District put Mrs. Duffy's name in nomination. Fine, fine inominating speeches they were too. Inaccurate, inarticulate, and illiterate, but fine, fine.

So the name was put in nomination. President of the City Council William Donald Schaeffer set the Wheels of Democracy into motion. He appointed a credentials committee of four councilmen and one councilwoman to investigate the credentials of Mrs. Duffy. He said that he'd recess the session for five or ten minutes so that they could check her out.

He did, they did, and, five minutes later, they came back in. Jacob Edelman

except for Dr. Emerson Julian, who passed, the vote was unanimous. Whereupon Schaeffer again recessed the session so that we could all go down to the Mayor's office and watch the swearing in.

Pause. Let me tell you a little about Katie Duffy. She is a sixtyish, short, chubby old lady. She used to help her husband run his bar, mostly. Now she sits bewilderedly at the Council sessions, a look of dull perplexed cybernausea on her face. She does what she is told to do. She does not look like your average sweet old lady. Or my average sweet old lady.

She does look like an average 1st District
continued on page 14



VENCEREMOS BRIGADE

BREAKS THROUGH THE U.S.'s BLOCKADE OF CUBA



by Baltimore members
of the Venceremos brigade,
second contingent

Nearly 1000 North Americans, Puerto Ricans and Black People recently spent two months in Cuba cutting sugar cane in the historic harvest of the 10 million tons. The Venceremos Brigade struck a real blow to the U.S. imperialists' blockade of Cuba—a blockade that is mental as well as economic. The Rockefellers, DuPonts, Eastlands and Nixons are scared of having Americans coming back and telling the truth, the beautiful truth of the Cuban Socialist Revolution.

What we saw and experienced in Cuba is hard to communicate to other white people, because our heads have been so fucked up by white honky monster Amerika. It's almost totally impossible to understand a whole society—millions of people—leading beautiful lives, totally participating with everyone else in the communal experiment of revolution.

What socialism means is that people become the highest priority. Whatever is necessary, i.e. good for the people, is possible. For example, before the Revolution, the great majority of the Cuban people never had milk or meat because they were unemployed or underemployed—600,000 people were permanently unemployed, 10% of the work force, with it ranging up to 25% at times (1953 census). But now, because people are important, there are experimental farms all over the island engaging in cross-breeding the Zebu and Holstein cows to produce a generation of cattle that is high in milk and meat production for the now totally employed people. (The Zebu, traditional Cuban cow, produces only 1 quart of milk/day; the first cross, the F1, produces 10 quarts/day!)

Before the Revolution, 10,000 children under the age of one died each year from diseases that could easily have been prevented but medicine under capitalism places priority on profit, medical care for those rich enough. Then most of the doctors had private practices in Havana—the campesinos in the rural areas never saw a doctor. Now, preventive medicine is highly stressed with polyclinics everywhere—everyone has all the free medical care they need.

Several members of the Brigade had "served" in the American "Peace" Corps in Latin America. What really struck them was the huge difference between the Cuban peoples' lives and the conditions in the countries where they were to have helped the people

out of "under-development". Former volunteers had their minds blown when they saw happy children, well-fed, healthy—not starving and dying from malnutrition. They realized what a total bullshit propaganda job that the Kennedy liberals had gotten them to swallow about "helping the poor peasants learn English, etc." The only way the peasants will get justice will be by fighting the imperialists.

We hear in school and in the bourgeoisie media that Cuba is a threat to the U.S. Damn right! It's a threat to the established power of the North American businessmen, politicians and generals. Cuba knows, from the first days of the Revolution, that the U.S. is out to destroy it and give power back to United Fruit. Cuba has constantly been attacked by CIA backed mercenaries. Once on the way to the canefields, we noticed a huge crater in the field near our central (sugar mill). Leo, a retired farmer from Pennsylvania, remarked that it sure didn't look like anything that belonged there. He asked around among the Cuban compañeros and discovered that the CIA/gusanos (worms—counter-revolutionary exiles) had tried to bomb the sugar mill a few years ago.

There is a 3 year military draft of all Cuban men. But it is a totally different draft from the one in Amerika. In Cuba, it's to defend the people—and all they have built for themselves in the Revolution. In Amerika, it's to destroy all that—in Cuba, Viet Nam, Cambodia, Laos, Korea. To resist the draft here is to join the peoples struggles for liberation around the world. In Cuba, the army is a Peoples Army, an army of liberation.

The whole competitive ethic (which has strangled our humanity in Amerika) is being eliminated in Cuba. Money is losing its value. Who needs money? You get your work clothes, food and cigarettes at work, medical care, most rents (all by July 26) and all the education you want for free. And what there is scarcity of, is equally rationed. People work not because they are forced to—like in Amerika and all capitalist countries—but because the work is for the good of all, the people—the individual and the collective society.

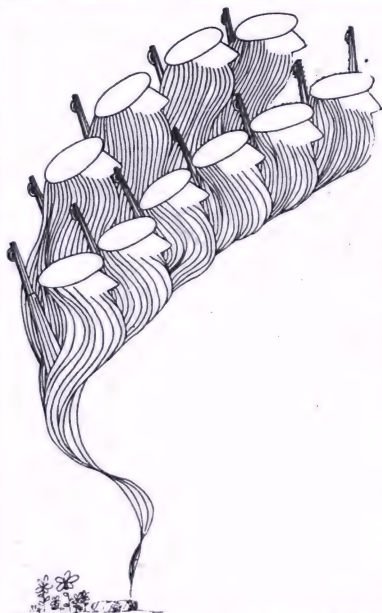
What Amerikan society has tried to instill in us is a fucked up kind of freedom. We are free—according to the law, Judge Hoffman and J. Edgar Hog. They're talking about the capitalists' freedom to oppress the people. In Cuba we got a whole new sense of what freedom is—people working together collectively, carrying out the tasks necessary for the Revolution. It means there's no separation between "personal"

and "political"—that a revolutionary's life is an integrated totality, totally committed to building his/herself as the strongest person—and showing your love for your brothers and sisters means making them strong. The Revolution here in the Mother Country is going to be hard—and only if we're strong will we make it.

He speaks about the New Man, a man who exists not for himself alone, but whose interests are those of the whole people—a new man totally committed to humanity. We saw that in the thousands of people giving voluntary labor to the sugar harvest. We would talk to Cuban workers about it and they would tell us that their labor was valuable for the whole society in its growth and development out of the under-developed state the U.S. imperialists had left it. The exchange Cuba receives from selling the sugar will, for example, purchase irrigation equipment for rice projects that will make Cuba self-sufficient. It also means that experimental cane-cutting machines will be mass-produced so that the people can be freed to participate in other essential tasks of the revolution.

We had a lot of questions about dope in Cuba. We had heard that most people were really down on it; we found out that lots of them had mistaken ideas about it (like it leads to smack). When Fidel came to cut cane with us and visit us, he was asked about dope. He said the first experience the rebels had was in the Sierra Maestra when they had the men, traders, who traveled up and down the mountains, deliver messages to the cities. After a while, they were associating with those guys, they were having a hard time working with people in the cities. They found out the traders were dope dealers, and that the people had a low opinion of them—and anyone who associated with them. So because the highest priority was to build up the Rebel Army and get the peoples support, they stopped using them as message carriers.

There are some people who smoke dope in Cuba. The Revolutionary Government's position is against dope because historically in Cuba and all the Third World, it has been used by the imperialists as a means of exploiting the people and keeping them from fighting Peoples War. The CIA/gusanos have tried hard to fuck over the youth by trying to get them to drop out of the Cuban Revolution. What total bullshit! To drop out of decadent honky monster Amerika is right-on. But to drop out of that



beautiful, energizing, full of love society doesn't make any sense.

There are huge amounts of space in the Revolution for innovation/experimentation. The Cuban cinema and art are totally far out trips. To build up a strong self-sufficient Cuba means looking for new ways to develop the existing potential. It means experimental cattle farms. Built cattle farms. Building dams/reservoirs to irrigate land to grow rice. And building a recreation area on top of that dam. Growing citrus fruits of the Isle of Youth which was totally nothing before the Revolution—except for its prison where Fidel was once jailed, and now which is being built into a school. The Moncada Barracks which was attacked by Fidel and a hundred others July 26, 1953 now is a school.

The Cuban people don't have to smoke dope to get high—you get high just off the experience of being in a totally turned on, vibrant, dynamic, energetic revolutionary society/process. I got stoned just digging the landscape, the people and the seas and seas of green cane fields.

Although you can get somewhat of a good picture of the Revolution by reading certain books, it's totally impossible to know what mass revolutionary consciousness is (without seeing/feeling it yourself). People really do understand their society—they understand what must be done to develop the economy and why. Education is crucial—"All of Cuba is a school" (Fidel). In 1961, 100,000 youths went into the countryside and in one year virtually eliminated illiteracy—from 37.5% of the population to 3.9%. Fidel's speeches are very important. They educate the people about their economy, something that the U.S. businessmen would never dream of doing. For example, Fidel spoke for 2-3 hours earlier this year about the progress of each province and each sugar mill, pinpointing the problems and factors holding up the harvest and what had to be done to correct them. What major undertaking of national importance is ever explained in America thoroughly or truthfully to the people?

We learned a lot about ourselves and our capabilities through the work experience. Cutting cane 6-hours a day is hard work. Our daily schedule looked like this:

5:00 Get up, wash, eat breakfast snack, sharpen machete
6:00 Leave for field, arrive 15-40 minutes later
9:00 15 minute merienda (break/snack)
11:00 Leave field for camp, wash up, eat lunch rest
2:00 Leave for field
4:00 Merienda
6:30 Leave field, wash up, eat dinner
Evening free time/films/special interest meetings

We worked Monday through Friday and Saturday morning. Sundays we went to the beach or to visit certain locations (experimental cattle farm/boarding school/Havana). We cut cane six weeks and then traveled around the island for the last two weeks. We were free to go anywhere/talk with anyone that we wanted.

We learned that Cuba's first priority is production, specifically the sugar harvest—to build up the society so that there will be no need to ration, that everyone

will have enough of everything they need. Understanding this is crucial to understanding the struggle being waged against racism and male supremacy. With the destruction of the exploitive economic system of imperialism and the establishment of socialism, the material basis for racism and male supremacy were smashed. The Revolution was to create a just/human society and there just isn't any place in that to discriminate/oppress/exploit black people or women. The Revolutionary Government's policies are for total equality—equal pay, equal education, equal health care (including free birth control and abortions for anyone), child care centers, cafeterias at work. Huge advances have been made in the 10 years of the Revolution. But 10 years is not long enough to wipe out all the ingrained prejudices (hundreds of years of Spanish colonial rule and 60 of U.S.) in all the people. For example, there are still some men who won't allow their wives to work. But essential to the success of the new society is the full, total participation of all members—and the husband still thinking in individualistic, possessive terms is not contributing to the new. The people know this and it is being consciously fought against, specifically by the Federation of Cuban Women (FMC).

Probably the greatest experience we had was meeting with some of the most heroic people in the world—Vietnamese fighters from the Peoples Liberation Armed Forces (North) and the National Liberation Front (South). It was a very emotional experience being able to shake hands with, embrace and work with people that the pigs like Nixon brand as villains. These people have been struggling all their lives to liberate their country from the U.S. bandits like Esso, DuPont, Rockefeller and what's so amazing is that they're still so full of love, warmth, humanity—fighting revolutionary war hasn't dehumanized them. They say they are fighting the American government—not the American people.

We met workers and students from the Democratic Peoples Republic of Korea (North) who, 20 years ago, fought the same war against the American government that Vietnam is fighting now. The American blockage at home becomes painfully apparent when we realize how little most Americans know about Korea and their Revolution (read *Korea Again* by Wilfred Burdett). We met students and revolutionaries from Africa and Latin America as well, who spoke of the liberation struggles being waged throughout the Third World. Meeting with these people made it clear as day light that there is a real, living, winning revolution going on worldwide—and the forces of internationalist revolutionary energy are strong, stronger than Uncle Sam or Superman ever were.

The Cuban experience said to us that whites in the U.S. who call themselves radical or revolutionary haven't begun to take themselves seriously, to see themselves totally committed to a revolution that will bring American imperialism to its knees. We haven't begun to be serious—serious like the Vietnamese, Korean, Cuban and all Third World people at home and abroad have had to be. But we felt that spirit among the Cubans, determined to defend their Revolution to the last person—as they stood up to the biggest bully in the world at the Bay of Pigs CIA invasion in 1961, and the more recent one at Baracoa only 2 days before we left. During the Eisenhower reign, Nixon helped plot the invasion that was to take place



in 1961 under "liberal" JFK. And now that same Dick Nixon schemes a new invasion and is creating the same kind of propaganda for another so-called "missile crisis". But this time, the Cubans will not fight by themselves—we will be with them.

On August 1, the third contingent of the Venceremos Brigade will land in Cuba to work and learn for six weeks in solidarity with the Cuban Revolution. The Brigade will work in the citrus groves on the Isle of Youth, along side Cuban youth—as an active part of the revolution. Applications are being taken now and throughout the middle of June. Contact the Regional Committee at 323-5693 or leave your name/address at the Peoples Action Center, 2525 Maryland Avenue, 889-0065.

**LIBERATION OR DEATH!
NOT ONE STEP BACKWARDS!
VENCEREMOS!**





By Claudia Dreifus (LNS)

PLAYBOY Magazine was about to go into the women's lib business. This is the magazine that has young men believing women have no pubic hair, the magazine whose masthead of seventy-one names includes four women, the magazine that turned down an article by Kenneth Tynan on masturbation, ("The PLAYBOY man doesn't masturbate!"), the magazine that rarely hires women writers, the magazine that presents to the world an image of womankind as brainless, mindless, dumb little chunks of tits and ass.

The first public signs of Hugh Hefner's interest in the feminist movement was flashed to the world on Dick Cavett's late night talk show. Hefner came on the air first: suave and soft-spoken, America's number one Playboy, the man who owns a revolving circle bed and a jetplane completely equipped with bidets and bedrooms, wanted the world to know that he thought women's lib was an okay movement. Yes, he would agree that women have been discriminated against. What's more, the feminine population had been treated downright unfairly in job hiring, in business, and in the world of economics.

Cavett questioned Hugh a bit about his private life, whereupon he introduced his pretty Barbey-doll girlfriend, Barbie Benton, and explained that he didn't think that she was at all interested in women's lib.

Next came a psychiatrist. You should know that having a psychiatrist, psychologist or sociologist involved in a discussion of female liberation is definitely a sign of trouble. The subtle implication is that any lady who is gutsy enough to fight for her own dignity has a "poor feminine self-image." (Do talk show hosts ever feel compelled to invite psychiatrists to discuss the sanity of movie stars or baseball players?) This psychiatrist, Rollo May, was too busy pushing his books to bother to indict the ladies, but his mere presence brought the sanity of liberated women into question.

At last, some fifteen minutes before the show was about to sign off, the exotic specimens were brought forth: two liberated women. The ladies, Susan Brownmiller and Sally Kempton were from *Media Women*. Hefner quickly stated that he was in sympathy with their cause, "We probably agree more than you think," he leered in a careful attempt to undermine and coopt debate. Susan just sneered. Hefner went on about how he thought job opportunities should be thrown wide open to women.

FUCK HUGH

Hefner's magazine NEVER hires women-writers unless they are big names or in case of dire emergency.

When Cavett naively asked Susan why she thinks Hef is her enemy, Susan responded that the man exploits and degrades women for a profit. Hef was offended. Susan asked him if he would like to walk around girdled into an absurd costume with a cotton-tail stuck to his ass! The necessity for an answer was averted, because just about then the show ran out of time.

Several weeks later, the much heralded PLAYBOY women's lib piece hits the stands. Called "Up Against The Wall, Male Chauvinist Pig!", the article is subtitled "Militant Man-haters do their level worst to distort the distinctions between male and female and to discredit the legitimate grievances of American women." Illustrating the piece is a full-color Warren Linn drawing showing the five part transition of a sweet loving chick from the kind of girl any red-blooded stud would happily have, into a fearful castrating mean little Man Hater. This Jekyll and Hyde transition, according to Linn, is the result of having read books like *The Feminine Mystique* and *The Second Sex*.

The piece begins with the observation that "Revolutions-traditionally appear first as clouds no larger than a man's hand." Then it goes on to vividly describe last Fall's Congress to Unite Women, complete with a scene in which one Congress participants cuts off her hair. Had you attended it, you also might never have noticed reporter Morton Hunt at the meeting, for the Congress was a "Women only" gathering. No men allowed. So how does the guy get to describe what people wore, what color and length their hair was, and whether or not their boots were custom made?

Without shame, the article confesses that women have their gripes. But on the whole Morton Hunt sees the movement as silly, unnecessary and potentially dangerous to the egos of American mankind.

He rather subtly suggests that men are stronger than women and their strength gives them the right to oppress females. What's more, the family, as presently constructed, is the best possible way for people to live. Career women can't be good mothers. Little girls feel inferior when they see little boys throwing sticks further than they can. Women are failures in their careers because they don't want to succeed. Hunt does concede that he'd like to see more ladies in the professions, but he qualifies his statement this way: "...and it might not be the best thing to have a Boeing 747, circling in the overcast, piloted by a woman during her premenstrual period."

Morton Hunt SHOULD know better. After all, he makes his living off of the backs of women. In January's REDBOOK—the magazine for "Young Mamas"—you'll find a piece by Mr. Hunt entitled "Money and Sex: Two Marital Problems or One?" It's an insipid article, offensive ultimately to both men and women, and clearly published because the author wanted some quick cash.

Hunt can also be found in the April, 1970 edition of *FAMILY CIRCLE*: "Unfaithful Wives: The Reason Why?" This gem, written up with left-over research from a book he recently published on adultery, includes a passage that asks: "But why

would a woman with so seemingly normal and satisfying a life (a suburban housewife) do anything so disloyal (as to take a lover) so dangerous and so contrary to the standards of middle-class behavior?" Morton Hunt makes his living off of women and yet he understands so little about them that he places their freedom movement in "the discard pile of history."

There's an interesting history to how Morton Hunt originally received the women's lib assignment. Originally PLAYBOY had broken with their discriminatory practices to hire a woman writer. The writer, a young woman named Susan Braudy, describes herself at the time as "not being very political and not very involved in the feminist movement." The pay would be \$2,000. "I think they understood," she said in a reluctant LNS interview, "that a man would never be able to interview any of the women. They're not stupid at all. What's more I really thought I could do some good by writing for a male audience."

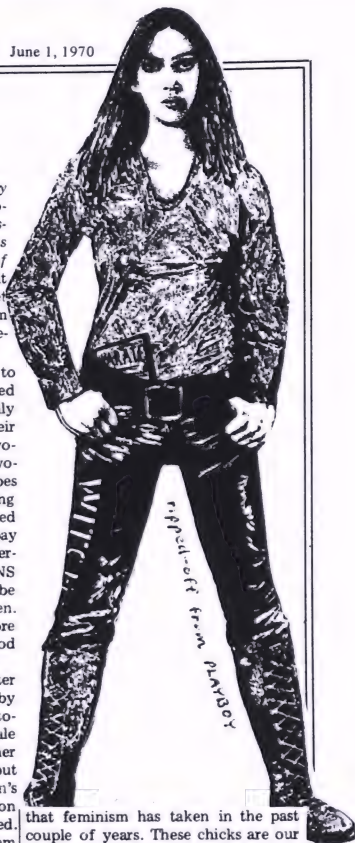
So Susan - Girl - Playboy - Reporter sneaked into women's lib meetings by pretending that she was putting together a study for some scholarly Yale journal. Afterwards, she put together what she considered a moderate, but sympathetic piece on the women's cause. "I tried to talk to the question of male liberation," she explained. "I wrote that I thought this system imprisoned both men and women, that sexual roles had made it impossible for men to cry and be emotional and dependent. What's more, because I was writing for men, I mostly talked about the more moderate members of the movement."

When it was all done, Susan Braudy sent the piece to Chicago, where PLAYBOY is headquartered, and received a note that the article had been accepted. Some time later she found herself in Chicago on assignment for another magazine. As a kind of goodwill gesture, Susan called her editor at PLAYBOY to say hello and to thank him for taking her piece. Of course, he invited her out to lunch.

When she arrived at the luncheon, Susan found that none of the male editors were attending—including the man who had given her the assignment. What's more, PLAYBOY's only lady editor was to be her hostess. It was a strained, but amicable meal.

The next few days were hell for Susan. Her presence in Chicago had caused a lot of stir in the PLAYBOY offices. (Jokes: "I bet our ladies lib writer shows up in combat boots.") Hefner, it turns out, never approved the idea of an "objective" article on feminism. Hef was furious that the piece had been commissioned, so he circulated a memo blasting the idea of an "objective story." The memo, which is presently circulating around media women circles in New York, was obtained through sources other than Susan Braudy.

"From a brief conversation with Jack K— of a couple of days ago, it sounds as if we're way off in our upcoming feminist piece. Jack indicates that what we have is a well balanced 'objective' article, but what I want is a devastating piece that takes the militant feminists apart. Jack seems to think that the more moderate members of the feminist movement are coming to the fore. I don't know what he's been reading that brings him to this curious conclusion, but I couldn't disagree more. What I am interested in is the highly irrational, emotional, kookie trend



that feminism has taken in the past couple of years. These chicks are our natural enemy. . . The only subject to feminism that is worth doing is on this new militant phenomena and the proper PLAYBOY approach is to devastate it."

Hefner had spoken and Susan was told her article was dead. However, PLAYBOY was willing to give her \$2,000 if she agreed to let another writer use her research. Women have traditionally been used in publishing houses solely as "researchers." The Research Department is the female ghetto of any magazine. And here was Susan Braudy, a professional writer, degraded, niggerized, and returned to a woman's traditional place. That's how Morton Hunt was able to give such a vivid description of the Congress to Unite Women without ever having been there. And that's how Hugh Hefner was able to place ads in every important newspaper in the country announcing his expose of the "man-hating feminists." "I felt used," Sue Braudy said later, "terribly used. I began to understand the rage that a lot of women feel."



COME TO:

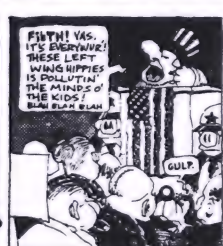
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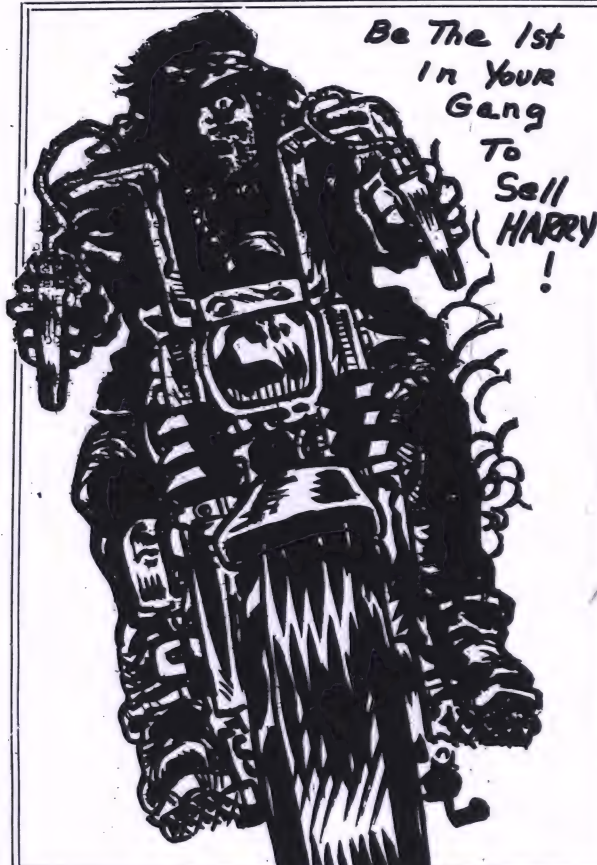
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THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS





BEAT ARMY !

by Richard Rosen

The main reason why people are drafted is that they wait and wait and wait. If you wait until you receive your induction order, you are in trouble. After you receive your induction order, your classification can only be reopened for circumstances beyond your control. For example, if you lose your arm. Becoming a conscientious objector is not a circumstance beyond your control (at least that's what the courts say). Therefore, as a general rule, if you don't do something before your induction order, it won't be done.

The second major area of grief is not using your appeal rights. When you receive notice of a classification, you have thirty days in which to appeal. IF YOU DO NOT APPEAL WITHIN THIRTY DAYS, YOU LOSE THE RIGHT TO APPEAL. So, if you want to avoid the army, see a draft counselor as soon as you receive your notice.

Draft counselors—they exist and know more than you do. You can find one at the American Friends Service Committee, the Episcopal Peace Fellowship, the Baltimore Defense Committee, Johns Hopkins, etc.

Here are a few simple rules to follow to help you with the draft: Send all correspondence to your draft board via registered mail. REGISTER IT REGISTER IT REGISTER IT. If your draft board loses it they will say that you didn't send it, and if it is their word against yours—you lose. Do not base any plans on your lottery number. Believe it or not, they will reach number 366. This is not antiwar opinion. This is fact. So the lottery will not help you.

What about recent changes in the draft law? Occupational deferments, i.e., IIA, have been changed. You can now renew any existing occupational deferments that you have, but the draft boards are not issuing new occupational deferments. So if you do not have an occupational deferment now, then forget it.

Conscientious objection. If you believe in murder then you are not a conscientious objector, but then again you will probably love the army. If you are not in the above category YOU DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR NOT YOU ARE A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR! The reason why is that you do not know the law, and will not know the law after reading one article. However I can recommend a book for you, Handbook for Conscientious Objectors. You can get this book at the American Friends Service Committee.

There are a few misconceptions about conscientious objectors. You can react in self defense, if it is a reaction to a st-

imulus. You don't have to feel that you would have been a conscientious objector in World War II. (You weren't there so how do you know?) Finally you do not have to be a member of any specific religious organization, although it helps.

Hardship deferments—IIIA. You can get a deferment because a close relative needs your financial support, or has a severe psychological dependency upon you, or perhaps needs your physical presence. For example, you have three children and they are all under age four. Or your wife has strong suicidal tendencies and this is certified by a psychiatrist. Or your mother is blind and needs you to help manage the house. As far as financial hardship, in Maryland this is getting harder. If you own a new car I wouldn't drive it over to your appeal meeting.

Fucked up. The army won't take you if your head is messed up in a way that they consider bad. It is best to have a psychiatric note to take with you to the physical. So if you feel that you are psychologically unfit for the army, but are fine for life, see a psychiatrist before you go to your physical and see if he agrees with you.

Physical examinations. If you are called bring a note from a doctor. I mean, it is hard to believe that after nineteen years you are in perfect health: you must have something wrong. If not, just remember good health isn't everything.

COUNCIL CUTUPS

continued from page 9

strict old lady. Hardened by years of firsthand experience of small time wheeling and dealing and corruption and sanctioned thievery.

Well, back to the story. We all walked down to the Mayor's office (an example of Late Municipal Bourgeoisie Dumpy decorating by some unknown interior decorator during his schizoid period), and we stood around while D'Alesandro administered the oath of office and handed her a pen with which to sign the register.

As she walked out she said to Mimi DiPietro, "Oh, you know I can really write better than that."

We all marched back to the Council chambers, where we all sat down again. Schaeffer asked Katie to say a few words. She really didn't want to, but she eased herself to her feet and read a statement off a card. She said what she had to say in a tired monotone and sat down. The councilmen applauded and the wheels of municipal government once again could grind smoothly.

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THEATER

by LEN BRADFORD

Radical Theater Experiment

The program for "HERE" one of experimental Corner Theater's most unusual offerings, defines it as "an attempt to delve into sensory experience: taste, feel, touch, sight, smell. A freeing of the inhibitions for something real or something superficial." Due to the unusual structure of this event, the same production may exhibit both extremes. The basic external structure of the enactment is that of the single subject's birth through death "life experience" in a little over twenty minutes. To remind one of the passing of time, a clock ticks away during this period. The actors then attempt to give the subject a varied barrage of sensory experiences, to which he may react or not.

I hesitate to call this production a "play", or "theater" since it escapes the ordinary usage of this designation, yet it is theater in its basic, raw form. To elicit a reaction, possibly cathartic, possibly self-revealing — that is the Aristotelian definition of theater, a viewpoint which is finding new spokesmen among this generation of stage writers. There is also a valid connection between the new approach exhibited by such shows as "HAIR" and "FUTZ" and many La Mama productions and the contemporary interest in encounter groups, which often seem to have the same purpose in mind as does this "new theater." A definite influence of this type is present in "HERE". Certain "scenes" within the structure are relevant to the differing methods used by two types of encounter. One is best typified by the Esalen Institute and the other by Synanon's type of therapy. To the former can be related such sensory awareness activities as floating, throwing, and lifting, and those scenes which are related to touching (the "touch museum", the group comforting, the body "crawl"). The objective is to inspire trust within the subject, based partially on the theory that we often forfeit much communication by ignoring these forms in our society. The Synanon type of involvement includes direct confrontation as a basic method, and is, in a way, more theatrical by nature. Examples of this are the "up-tight room" and the "decision box". The "up-tight room" involves an angry reaction from the actors, who have been quite gentle up to this point. Strangely enough, it is this which almost invariably elicits a reaction from the subject, possibly showing that aggression may be the

most easily understood (or responded to) mode of behavior in today's America. The "decision box" is a very revealing enactment. Four actors of "HERE" are placed on a stage, facing the subject. A switch-box he holds in his lap turns off and on lights which are held by the actors. When in the "on" position, the actors begin their speeches, some of which are whimsical: "Ah pledge allegiance to da flag..." and "needs a little more Dutch Chocolate, a little more Dutch Chocolate", a delightfully objectionable commercial. The subject often, however, reacts with chagrin to some other raps; "I am a homosexual. Have you ever had a homosexual experience?" Click. Immediately.

The actor's viewpoint in "HERE" is in many ways similar to the spectator's — they, too, encounter their own selves, their own attitudes and inhibitions. In this kind of theater, there is less of the "distancing" effect which is always operative with the formal stage. Richard Flax direction seems to have change as a primary goal, but change that come spontaneously from within. It's a production that will attempt to evolve, to change, both with each subject, and with the passing of each week. Only time will give us perspective enough to successfully evaluate the final impact of this technique.

As a subject, I was made more curious about "HERE'S" potentialities than I was actually "reached" by what I was undergoing. Several things contribute to this reaction, or lack of it. One, the placing of the subject in coveralls (in order to protect his clothing) also tends to isolate, and to insulate him from what is going on. Two, the limited space available tends to lead to time-consuming wanderings to emphasize the aspect of the "journey", which tend also to abstract the subject from the situation. Lastly, there could easily be more participation by the subject himself. The contrast between the revealing, involving "decision box" scene and other, much more passive scenes is an obvious change in theatrical "rhythm."

"How to remove the mask" is a theatrical enigma. Corner Theater's "HERE" makes an unusually conscious attempt to offer a solution to this problem. They are, in this respect, maintaining their objective of presenting that which is honestly "experimental theater".

photos by Glenn Hazz



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by ELLIOTT SIRKIN

Women In Love



There was a time when all that anybody worried about when a great book was turned into a movie was whether the movie-makers would have any idea as to what the book was about. For a long time, mangled adaptations were one of the staples of the film market; they never seemed to go out of style. Books were denatured right and left, their themes twisted up so badly that they sometimes came out as symmetrical opposites of the authors' original views. Hollywood's literary community was not exactly the Bloomsbury Group, and neither was the coterie of script-writers that used to supervise the British-made instant classics.

who used to be in charge. Educated — or semi-educated, at least — people are now the controlling and creative forces in movies, and they've brought a fair number of changes along with them. Now the question that comes to mind when a book is taken to the screen isn't so much "will they understand it?" as it is "will they be able to do it?" It's a pretty sure bet today that the sorts of people who turn important works of fiction into movies will be very familiar with their sources. Usually, they've read all the important criticism and boned up on the author's life, and right before their film goes into production, they can ordi-

presented as something healthy and filled with possibility; contact between Gudrun and Gerald is seen as being deadly. The ideas are there, but in the form they come in, they might as well not be, because Kramer's adaptation isn't very much more than a scrawny bird's eye view of the book's big events, an entry from *Masterplots of the World's Great Literature* in screenplay form. Everything about it seems partial and insignificant, a string of slivers from the original scenes that don't make very much sense when they're stacked up back to back. The characters are always lecturing one another, pouring out their responses in neat digest form. Some of the debates are staged well — a few have the fitful, rumbling quality that is so much a part of Lawrence's way of doing things — but they seem strangely pointless. The actors talk on about their aims and their quests and their obsessions, but they're never seen trying to work them out or make peace with them. All that there seems to be time for are their succinct little spiels about what they want, so there's never any indication of how their drives influence them in their everyday lives.

As a result, the characters seem like a very crazy group of people. Seen in the wrong context, the abstractions hounding them mean nothing, and the wrong context is any set-up that prevents these people from acting out their fixations, from showing why they feel about themselves and about one another as they do. The novel gives them innumerable outlets. It's a mass of long, subtly detailed confrontations, each one somehow related to one of the themes, and every time one of the characters rubs up against another, something more about him is cleared up. Taken individually, the self-analyses are confounding, but as the surrounding facts pile up, the vague speeches that the book's people are always making about themselves become progressively more intelligible. The characters perform, and the themes explain themselves.

This cumulative method of illumination is banished in Kramer's screenplay.

His scenes are all breathy fragments, no persons ever being permitted enough time at any one point to simply relate to someone else. They have to be saying something enormous, or they can't be allowed to say anything at all. That makes for a lot of very empty enormity. Birkin might talk about wanting a perfect spiritual bond with Ursula, but, if he's never shown pursuing that bond, never shown having a good-sized normal conversation with her, there's not much of a chance that the nature and the importance of what he wants is going to get through. To have any impact, Lawrence's themes have to be incorporated into the characters' behavior. If the themes are just blurted out and then forgotten, and that's part of the package, it can't be changed. Eleanor Bron makes an ass of Hermione, wiping out the character's intellect with a hideously patronizing interpretation. When that weird, hollowed-out voice comes limping out of her, it's very depressing, a sign of gross insensitivity on somebody's part. There's something gallant about Hermione, for all her foolishness, and it's not right to rob her of that gallantry. Eleanor Bron has the perfect build for the part, thick-waisted and hulky, and under different circumstances, she might have the perfect soul for it, too.

The Kramer adaptation is a self-defeating thing. It's so fragmented and so skimpy, it works against any continuous effect. It doesn't condense the novel, it castrates it. By the end of the film, it's almost impossible to keep track of what's supposed to be going on. Conceivably, force could be gotten out of a movie of Lawrence's material, but what would be shown would have to be very carefully picked out. Many potentially great scenes would have to be sacrificed, but in order for the movie to come up with a definite tone and have some organic meaning, the deletions would be unavoidable. Exposure to these characters isn't a question of how many different scenes they can



Ursula (Jennie Linden), left, and Gudrun (Glenda Jackson), right, join their hostess: Hermione (Eleanor Bron) in an interpretive dance

They thought they knew what they were doing, but they didn't. Thirty years ago, *Wuthering Heights* was turned into a story about the evils of class discrimination, nowhere on the screen was there even a faint suggestion of a love that was too hot and too powerful to be housed by the universe. *The Great Gatsby*, a decade later, became an indictment of high living — no one involved with it seemed at all aware of the idea of a country that had forgotten its roots. In the Fifties, it was the same thing, as the themes of writers from Faulkner to Tolstoy were passed by almost reflexively and replaced with ignorant platitudes, some of them unconsciously funny. This isn't to say that there were never any books treated intelligently and delicately by the movies. There have been quite a few; it's just that they have been lost in the general holocaust. People who can't see the greatness of films like *Great Expectations* and *Intruder in the Dust* are missing out on something, without any question. But people who can sit through a movie like *Jane Eyre* or *Les Misérables* and think what they're getting is what Charlotte Brontë or Victor Hugo had in mind are missing out on a lot more.

Over the past five years or so, there's begun to be a change in the caliber of the people writing for the English-speaking screen. Movies have become respectable, academic even, and the people who work on them aren't the breezy illiterates

norily be found telling reproters from *Life* how much they love the original, that when they first read it in college they went wild over it, that it's the story of their life, the key to the twentieth century, and the greatest novel ever written. Very often, the upshot of it all is an awkwardly cryptic movie like *Dr. Zhivago* or *Ulysses*. Or one like *Women in Love*.

The people who made *Women in Love* know what they want to do, but they don't know how to do it — and what they want to do might be impossible. Larry Kramer, who wrote the movie's screenplay, and Ken Russell, who directed, are obviously conscious of all the big themes in the D.H. Lawrence novel. They know enough, for example, not to try to turn the book's four main characters into long-faced Twenties equivalents of Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice. The usual gibberish about Lawrence as the Mahomet of the sexual revolution is out, and all the pivotal issues that the book draws its power from are at least made note of, somewhere. Kramer and Russell very definitely have not ignored Lawrence scholarship. The movie wants to be about the same things that Lawrence's fans say the book is about. Mental sex is deplored, the end of the world is speculated over, the purity of unself-abnegating love is longed for, and there's a constant current of wills clashing and desires emerging. Contact between Ursula and Birkin is



Rupert Birkin (Alan Bates) and Gerald Crich (Oliver Reed) have a wrestling match

continued from page 16

be shown in or how much ground they can travel. It's a question of how much they show, and the best way to get them, to show themselves would be to present them in a limited number of situations — situations that could be presented fully, done in depth. Maybe *Women in Love* can't be made into a movie at all, but if it can, then the only sane way to do it, the only way to say anything concrete about the characters involved, would be through a simplification and a scaling down in scope of the original.

Of course, Kramer and Russell had one other alternative: they could have made a four hour movie. Actually, that wouldn't have been a bad idea (though they could never have gotten the financial backing for it). It would certainly have allowed them to flesh out their scenes and improve the continuity. Then again, maybe it wouldn't have been such a good idea. Four hours of the cast they've gotten together would be extremely tough going. Their five leads don't make an especially exciting ensemble, partly because of what they have to work with, partly because of their own natural defects. As always, Alan Bates is limber and energetic, and he's more knotty and more complex as Birkin than he would probably be expected to be, but, for a man whose main objective in being alive is to connect with other people, he seems awfully cold and remote. As Gudrun, Glenda Jackson does many good things, yet for some reason that's hard to pin down, she's just not sexy enough. She is the only person in the movie who looks the way a character in the book is described as looking, but she has no allure. Lawrence describes Gudrun as having small breasts and a Dutch-boy hair cut and a square face, but he also makes her sound appealingly mysterious. Glenda Jackson has all those features, but she's not appealingly mysterious; she calls up images of Jeanne Moreau in *The Bride Wore Black*, a sulky, burnt-out harpy. She's also too obviously crazy, too eager to destroy herself and take everyone with her. On the outside Gudrun should be a nice middle-class girl, a shabby-genteel bohemian; it's only on the inside that she's warped and furious. Jennie Linden plays Ursula against drastic odds. She's almost totally miscast, and considering that, she does a remarkably fine job, the most sensitive work in the movie. Temperamentally, she's almost uncontrollably perky and combative, whereas Ursula is supposed to be, has to be, sedate and unflappable. The character, as Lawrence wrote her, is something of an ox, the sort who takes a long time to catch on, and there is always something fluky about Jennie Linden's bounciness in the role. Still, she does have the most powerful scene in the movie — the bit in the woods when Ursula blows up at Birkin. She plays that argument with vehement conviction, and she can't be blamed if it seems as though, at any minute, Bates is going to smile down on her and tell her that she's cute when she's mad. She's a fluffy little thing, a starlet with a brain,

deserted for some idea that's explored with equal haziness, the characters have to become opaque, and that's what happens here. None of them seems to have any sustained goals or beliefs. They just float.

The question of why there's no room for even one solid scene in the whole of

the movie's two and a half hours worth of running time isn't very rough to answer. To begin with, Kramer and Russell spend way too much time on dance sequences and on musicals, on things that sound nice and look nice. The scenes involved are all in the book, but they're hardly central to it, and they're among the first things that should have been done away with. A good ten minutes must be lavished on the Russian ballet improvised at Breadleby — and the scene isn't even done right. There's nothing erotic about it, and not even anything baffling — it's just played very broadly and for laughs. There's also a lot of time spent on the dance at the Swiss resort and on Gudrun's dance with the little wart Loerke and on her burst of interpretive dancing at Gerald's lawn party. When crucial dialogue scenes are left in scarecrow shape, with hardly enough said to make five coherent sentences in a row, it's not good policy to devote time to the fancy stuff-on the story's periphery. But, in a way, that's what Kramer and Russell do all through the movie. Rather than spend time developing a few segments of the book and



working them into something unified, they try to cover a little bit of everything. About the only long sequence they do without altogether is the outing to London; otherwise, there's nothing big from the book that's not touched on. Many of the scenes they include are necessary to the novel, but they wouldn't be necessary to a sane screen adaptation. For the sake of manageability, many of the book's most brilliant scenes could very easily be dispensed with to make an effectively condensed version of the story, and that's what the movie's makers should have done with them. The fame of Gudrun's cock-teasing act before the cattle and of the whole Crich party scene are no reason to keep them in the movie. There's also no need for the scene when watchdogs are sicked on the beggars, or for the nude wrestling contest between the two heroes. None of these things helps make the movie's meanings more apparent, and it's almost impossible to tell how they hook up with the proceedings. They just waste precious time, and because most of them are done as inadequately as the movie's other, more essential scenes. They add to the overall scantiness.

Having Oliver Reed play Gerald is one of the movie's few open acts of rebellion against the novel, a deliberate break-away. Reed is obviously not a Nordic sun-god-type—he's more the kind for a club locker-room—and neither is he coolly sensual. His massive, egg-plant-shaped face is intriguing, though, and there's one moment — a split second when he lets out a wild shriek of triumph—in which he makes it plain that he has more life-blood in him than any other living thing in the

movie. Reed's performance has its challenging side, that's for sure, but he, more than anyone typified what's so wrong about all the acting in the film. He underplays everything, whispering his words and breaking them up with pauses, marshalling his feelings into a jarringly low key. Probably it's a tactic meant to stop the character's actions from becoming overwrought, and if that's its purpose, it certainly does what it sets out to do. Unfortunately, the understating doesn't just tone down the character's emotions; it knocks them out entirely. Reed is the worst offender, but to some extent, all the actors go in for this willed quiet. They seem to be afraid of playing strong feeling, and in some of the scenes when they should be at their most tortured, they seem curiously gelid. Their performances are so scrupulously manipulated and so carefully held in check, and it's not right for Lawrence. His women in love, and their men, have to be alive with passion—they can't be played with stiff upper lips. The rasping and brow-knitting and hesitating that they go through in the movie makes them look horribly repressed and gloomy. They are apt, as Birkin

times. One of Oliver Reed's blazers looks straight out of an old Mayfair operetta, but other than that, the costumes are tastefully and handsome, many of them copied directly from the descriptions of the clothes in the book. But the rest of the film's visual elements belong under the heading of a fashion illustrators idea of profound beauty, and although they're not glaringly unpleasant, they're still unsettling, giving the movie the look of a highbrow *My Fair Lady*. Immenseness and glamour are all over, cropping up in unexpected places. Lakes are turned into high stretches of white, and forests of the Midlands seem to be tropical gardens. Hermione's estate is rococo to the point of looking like a palace out of the Arabian Nights? and snow scenes of the movie's final chapters could have been peeled off an expensive Christmas card. A great deal of the "gorgeousness" of the scenery is synthetic, calculated to make people sigh and gasp. Sometimes it does that, but there are plenty of times when it doesn't. The amber quality of the lighting and the self-consciously muted tone of most of the color are similarly affected. In fact, the style of all the

would probably be very quick to point out, acting "spontaneously on their impulses". Russell's performers are repeatedly guilty of the thing Lawrence hated more than anything else: "intellectualizing," faking. They aren't dynamic enough or free enough to suggest what the movie is mostly about—people in search of their own emotions.

This isn't a movie to get angry or bitter about. It's not cheap, and it's not blatantly stupid, and it's too weak and too slight to infringe on the novel's territory and do any severe damage to its reputation. It's a seriously misguided film, but there's nothing offensive about it. The people who made it couldn't be called lazy or crude. They don't come off as being very gifted, that's all. Photographically, however, it's a film that can get pretty annoying—aggressively so, at

photography is affected—there's no other word for it. The camera moves only very rarely, and for long periods of time, one "classic," static shot follows another, in attempts at starkly beautiful effects. The final outcome, instead of being majestic and pure, is faltering and strained. Much of the beauty in good austere photography must come from its refusal to call attention to itself, but the photography for *Women in Love* is too forced to be self-effacing. Every shot has obviously been scheduled and planned, and the feeling that each of the images has been sweated out in advance and programmed never stops haunting the movie. Russell is a hard-working, earnest director, but his filming style has a long way to go before he can start attempting classic simplicity. He's like Gerald. He's got enough energy to do things right, but he still needs grace and finesse.

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Record Review

NILSSON SINGS NEWMAN
RCA LSP 4289

by Len Bradford



God, I like this album. In fact, each time I hear it I discover something new, some interrelationship between arrangements, a chord structure, or a bridge that I had not comprehended before. The arrangements are just incredible. They are deceptively simple usually, in imitation, no doubt, of the poetic style which Randy Newman affects. Yet they betray a phenomenal knowledge of the subject—an adeptness gathered over many long years of studio work writing and arranging for dozens of successful albums, on which Newman's name only appeared in small type on the back. Listen, for example, to "Cowboy," (from *Midnight Cowboy*) which begins with eerie wind sounds and progresses to a climbing, celestial crescendo. Listen to the great vocal backing, and even some surprising self-referential commentary—"More first voices, we need more first voices"—which was allowed to remain.

Nilsson's voice itself is a unique instrument. Lacking the total power, perhaps, of some "heavy" singers, Nilsson makes up for that in intelligence. He always seems to know exactly what to do with each phrase, correlating sound with meaning. There is more variety in his singing than I can remember hearing from any but a handful of vocalists.



Randy Newman practices a very unusual brand of nostalgia in all these songs. Often a single line makes a profound difference in the interpretation, in how we react to the song. The longest number on this album is a seemingly simple piece called "Love Song," which almost pretends to be trite, and most certainly would have been in the hands of a lesser writer. But there are lines (about a hoped-for child) such as, "Someday maybe he'll be President, if things loo-

sen up..." that shock one into a new awareness, a new viewpoint.

Newman writes songs about the tyranny of time, something which are, by and large treated badly, if at all, in pop music. Statements about "the human condition" exist always somewhere near the fine dividing line between being profoundly meaningful and unfortunate examples of pathos. He manages an adeptness in both his mind and his music structure. "Vine Street", for instance, begins as if it were meant to be a fine rock instrumental—then quickly changes to the personal and regretful perspective of an ex-group member, thereby moving forward in time. *Yellow Man*, a little exercise in elementary anthropology, offers a satiric commentary on a recognizable middle-American perspective. Much of this is augmented by its imitation vaudeville style—with voice-prompting between the lines.

Many of the songs are pessimistic in nature, sometimes clashing strongly with their apparent bounciness. "The Beehive State" however, has perhaps the most desperate beat I have ever heard, and all this on a piano and a guitar. It's about the hopelessness of communication: how can one man from Utah represent Utah? How can one man understand, or communicate for all those people? This is also the unsolved problem of all art—how can we express meaning?—as well as government. Newman, at least, can show us the ordinary and common, the everyday experiences which are relevant to us all—and the sublime, the infinite meaning contained in them.



LET IT BE/LEAVE IT ALONE

If you want *Cinema Verite*, open your eyes.

—John Waters

by P. J. O'Rourke

Let It Be isn't bad, but it isn't much either. I don't know what it is...except boring for me. If you plan to see it you'd best be a full-time Beatles freak. A Beatles freak to the point of being interested in seeing George pick his nose and Paul wander around with a three day

beard. Once John and Yoko dance a spontaneous waltz! Hot damn, a real rip-up show.

The first two-thirds was shot in the same studio, with rate cuts to the outside of Apple Records. It's the Beatles jamming together, on and off, over some unidentified span of time. The jamming is disconnected and mostly bad. Every now and then the music comes up to par with their recorded things, but that's a long way to go and lots of money to pay to hear your own stereo at home especially if your stereo at home is a 1952 RCA which once dropped out a second story window—which is what the sound track of the movie sounds like at least at 7 East.

I don't know what they're doing. Maybe it's the Beatles' way of coming on publicly without actually having an



audience. At one point McCartney talks about George saying there'd be no more *Help* or *Hard Day's Night* sort of thing because it's all in the music—Stravinsky doesn't have to stand up and play his stuff to screaming crowds. McCartney says they lose a bit of their edge when they have no audience. And I guess that's what the movie is about. This was one of maybe three episodes of worthwhile banter. Another is a reference to the Maharishi period, how it was "a bit like school" and so on, not quite honest. "You weren't a bit like yourself," says Paul to John. Paul and John talk about the very earliest stuff they wrote—things they'd never recorded—and how some of it was quite good. They play one of these. It isn't quite good, but it's a good example of the self-indulgence in the film. The movie seems to focus on Paul, who doesn't have the visual interest that Ringo does. When the camera's on Ringo, the movie is good. But the rest of the time—John is happy and boring. Paul is chatty and boring. George is just boring and Yoko Ono is a plastic inflatable Yoko Ono doll. Her expression never changes once.

The last third of the movie picks up a lot. (But I'd almost walked out before it came on.) The Beatles set up and play on the roof of Apple in downtown London, thereby clogging up traffic and precipitating a visit by the Police during which they won't quit playing. At least they wouldn't quit playing for a little while. Then they quit playing. It's a good concert, but it didn't knock me out.

Art Levine comes in the HARRY office as this is being written and starts to tell me what a great movie *Let It Be* is, hands me the sound track album, and tells me he loved every minute of it... Art Levine is a groupie.



Barry Richards will be serving as host of a TV special on WMAR-TV, Tuesday, June 9 at 9:30 P.M. Featured on the show will be Richie Havens (shown above with Richards), Little Richard, Jamul, and Zephyr. Co-host of the show is Uncle Dirty.

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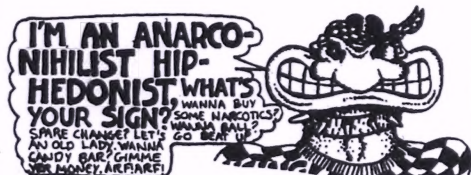
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JUNE 3 - WEDNESDAY

Music:

VHOOT" 8 P.M.
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JUNE 4 - THURSDAY

Music:

"Jaime Brockett"
Main Point

Seminar:

"New Media - New Methods"
Maryland Institute

JUNE 5 - FRIDAY

Music:

"Bluegrass Express"
Crack of Dawn 8 P.M.

"Balto. Symphony Orchestra"
Goucher College - Outdoor concert
8 P.M.

"Jaime Brockett"
Main Point

Open Stage
It's Open Coffee House

Seminar:

"New Media - New Methods"
Maryland Institute



JUNE 6 - SATURDAY

Music:

"Bluegrass Express"
Crack of Dawn

"Jaime Brockett"
Main Point

"Balto. Symphony Orchestra"
Gardenville Park - Outdoor concert
8 P.M.

"Matt Garriss' Bank" (rock)
It's Open Coffee House

"Rascals"
Merriweather Post Pavilion

Seminar:

"New Media - New Methods"
Maryland Institute

JUNE 7 - SUNDAY

Music:

Jam - Bluesette

"Balto. Symphony Orchestra"
Druid Hill Park - Outdoor concert
4:30 P.M.

"Les McCann"
Famous Ballroom

"Jaime Brockett"
Main Point

Baltimore Folk Music Society
Open meeting - Crack of Dawn
8 P.M.



JUNE 10 - WEDNESDAY

Music:

"HOOT" 8 P.M.
Crack of Dawn

JUNE 11 - THURSDAY

Music:

"Roger Sherman"
Crack of Dawn

JUNE 12 - FRIDAY

Music:

"Roger Sherman"
Crack of Dawn

"Balto. Symphony Orchestra"
Wyman Park - Outdoor concert
8 P.M.



JUNE 13 - SATURDAY

Music:

"Roger Sherman"
Crack of Dawn

"Balto. Symphony Orchestra"
Riverside Park - Outdoor concert
8 P.M.

JUNE 14 - SUNDAY

Music:

"The Band" 8 P.M.
Merriweather Post Pavilion

"Buddy Rich & His Orchestra"
Famous Ballroom

Jam - Bluesette

"Balto. Symphony Orchestra"
Federal Plaza - Outdoor concert
4:30 P.M.

Baltimore Folk Music Society
Open meeting - Crack of Dawn
8 P.M.

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